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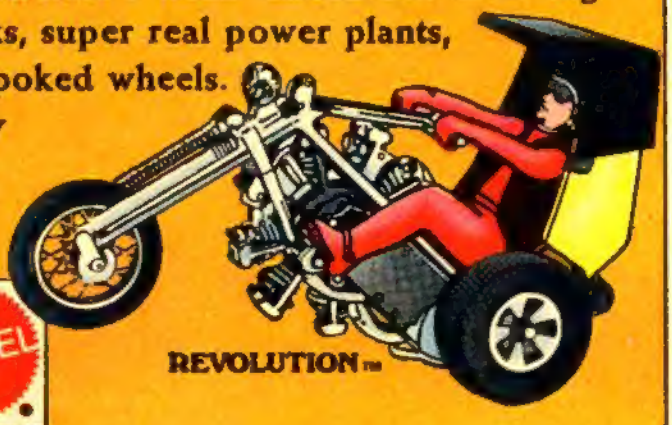

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AN ANGRY WIND LASHED THE HEATH, AND A THICK BLANKET OF BLACK CLOUDS SLOWLY SMOTHERED THE FINAL WHIMPER OF A FADING DAYLIGHT SKY. IN THE DISTANCE, OVERLOOKING THE FROTHY SEA, THE ROCKY BATTLEMENTS OF CASTLE DUNBAR MOANED FUTILELY AGAINST THE WIND, LIKE AN OLD CRONE SCREAMING AT A FLOCK OF CHATTERING CROWS: CASTLE DUNBAR, AND THE DARK SECRETS THAT LAY WITHIN ITS WALLS, HAD BROUGHT ME HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD.
Death at Castle Dunbar
OH MY GOD-- N-NO!
THE WOLFLIKE BEAST BEHIND ME SNARLED LOW IN ITS THROAT AND TENSED FOR ITS MURDEROUS ATTACK! IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WOULD NEVER GET THERE... ALIVE!
GRRRRRRRRR
STORY — LYNN MARRON & MICHAEL FLEISHER
ART — MIKE SEKOWSKY & DICK GIORDANO
EDITOR — JOE ORLANDO
1

SECRETS OF SINISTER HOUSE. Vol. 2. No. 5. June-July, 1972. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Carmine Infantino, Publisher. Joe Orlando, Editor. Mark Hanerfeld, Assistant Editor. Sol Harrison, Production Manager. Ed Lolacher, Circulation Director. Advertising Representative, Sanford Schwarz & Co., Inc., 16 West 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.
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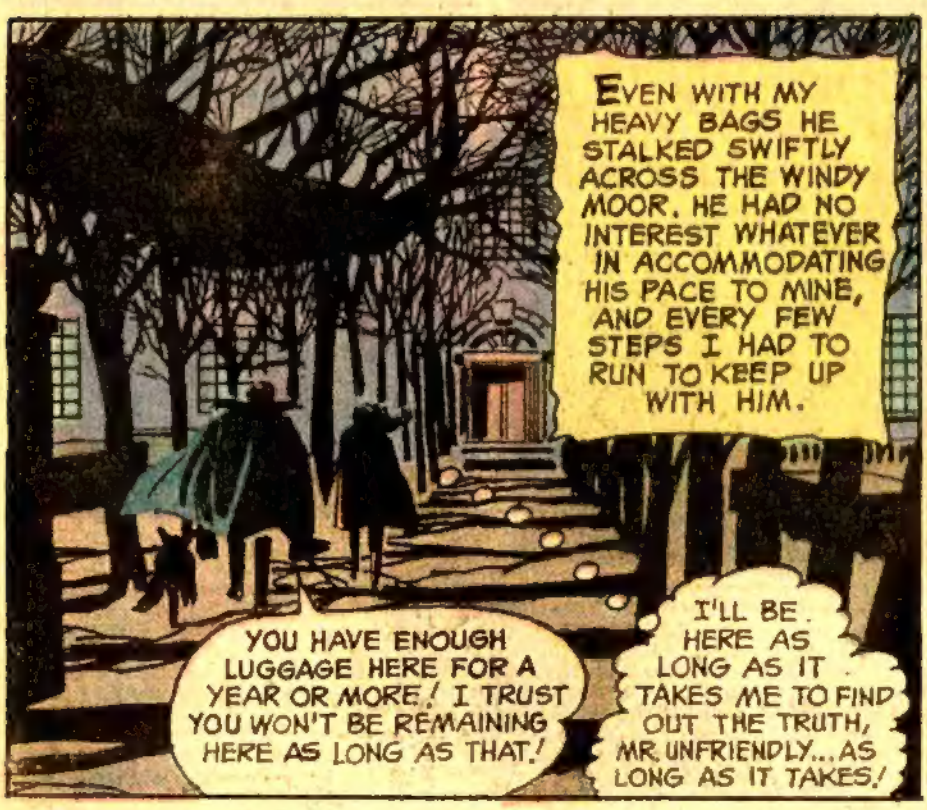
I TRIED TO RUN... SKIDDED ON SOME WET MOSS ...AND HURTLED TO THE GROUND. I WAITED HELPLESSLY FOR THE FINAL, DEADLY LUNGE!
BE STILL, DEVIL!
A-ARE YOU CRAZY... SETTING THAT... THAT ANIMAL ON ME?
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET FED TO THE DOGGIE, YOU HAD BETTER ANSWER MY QUESTIONS!

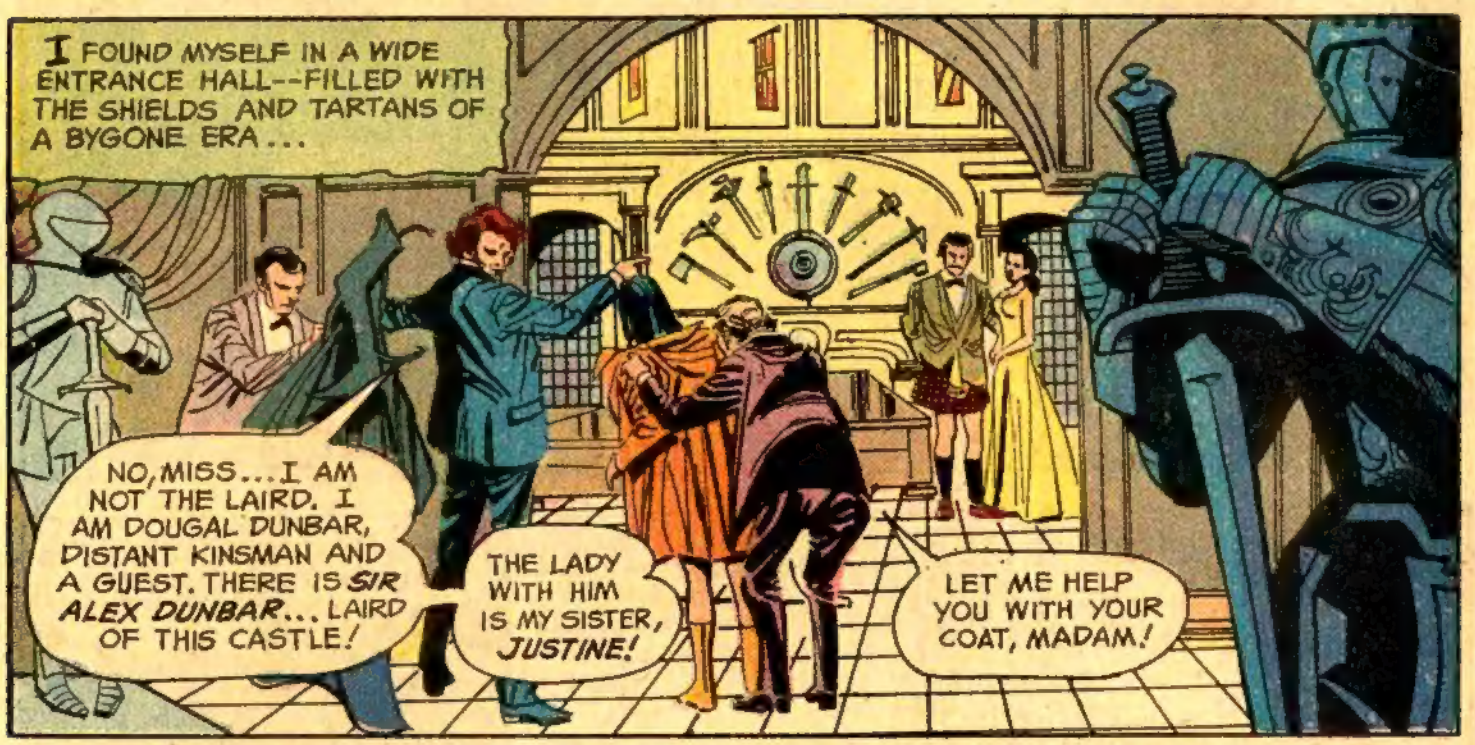
HIS EYES WERE NARROW SLITS, AND HE SURVEYED ME WITH A HOSTILITY THAT MADE HIS DOG SEEM FRIENDLY BY COMPARISON...
WHY ARE YOU TRESPASSING ON DUNBAR LAND?
I-I'M MIKE HOLLIS, IF IT'S MY NAME YOU WANT... AND I'VE BEEN INVITED TO CASTLE DUNBAR!

MY CAR, I EXPLAINED TO HIM, WAS STUCK IN THE MUD A FEW HUNDRED YARDS DOWN THE ROAD. MY LUGGAGE WAS INSIDE IT. WOULD HE HELP ME? HE MURMURED ANGRILY... TURNED ON HIS HEEL AND STRODE TOWARD THE CAR.


EVEN WITH MY HEAVY BAGS HE STALKED SWIFTLY ACROSS THE WINDY MOOR. HE HAD NO INTEREST WHATEVER IN ACCOMMODATING HIS PACE TO MINE, AND EVERY FEW STEPS I HAD TO RUN TO KEEP UP WITH HIM.
YOU HAVE ENOUGH LUGGAGE HERE FOR A YEAR OR MORE! I TRUST YOU WON'T BE REMAINING HERE AS LONG AS THAT!
I'LL BE HERE AS LONG AS IT TAKES ME TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH, MR. UNFRIENDLY... AS LONG AS IT TAKES!

BUT EVEN AS I VOWED SILENTLY TO COMPLETE MY MISSION HERE... THE AIR SEEMED TO GROW A LITTLE COLDER, A SHIVER RAN UP MY SPINE, AND I TREMBLED... JUST A LITTLE...
OH GOD, I HOPE THEY DON'T REALIZE WHO I AM... UNTIL I'M READY FOR THEM!
2

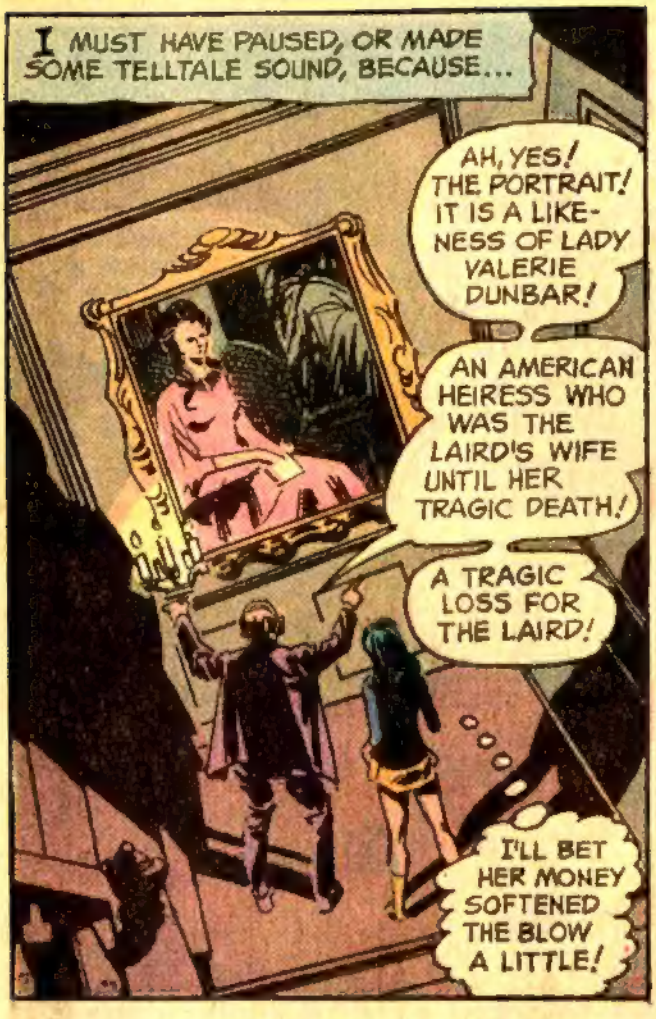
A SECOND LATER, THE GREAT WOODEN DOOR OPENED AND...
COME IN-- COME IN...
...ONLY A DARK DUNBAR WOULD BE OUT ON A NIGHT SUCH AS THIS ONE!
THANK YOU, CARLYLE!
MY HEAVENS, MR. UNFRIENDLY, ARE YOU THE LAIRD OF THE CASTLE?
AND ALSO THE MURDERER I'VE COME TO FIND?


I FOUND MYSELF IN A WIDE ENTRANCE HALL--FILLED WITH THE SHIELDS AND TARTANS OF A BYGONE ERA...
NO, MISS... I AM NOT THE LAIRD. I AM DOUGAL DUNBAR, DISTANT KINSMAN AND A GUEST. THERE IS SIR ALEX DUNBAR... LAIRD OF THIS CASTLE!
THE LADY WITH HIM IS MY SISTER, JUSTINE!
LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR COAT, MADAM!

WELCOME TO CASTLE DUNBAR, MISS...
MIKE HOLLIS! I WROTE TO YOU ABOUT THE BOOK I HOPE TO WRITE ABOUT THE MILITARY HISTORY OF THE DUNBAR CLAN!

AH, YES... MISS HOLLIS!? ER... I'M AFRAID YOUR LETTER, PARTICULARLY THE NAME MIKE, LED ME TO EXPECT A MALE VISITOR!
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE ROOM THAT HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR YOU!
YOU'RE VERY KIND, SIR! I COME FROM A HARDY BREED-- I'LL SURVIVE!

LATER, AS THE SERVANT LED ME TOWARD MY ROOM--WHAT I SAW MADE MY HEART LEAP.
THAT PORTRAIT, IT'S VAL!!


I MUST HAVE PAUSED, OR MADE SOME TELLTALE SOUND, BECAUSE...
AH, YES! THE PORTRAIT! IT IS A LIKE-NESS OF LADY VALERIE DUNBAR!
AN AMERICAN HEIRESS WHO WAS THE LAIRD'S WIFE UNTIL HER TRAGIC DEATH!
A TRAGIC LOSS FOR THE LAIRD!
I'LL BET HER MONEY SOFTENED THE BLOW A LITTLE!

LATER, IN MY ROOM...
THE MAN WITH THE DOG.. DOUGAL--WHY WAS HE SO HOSTILE TOWARDS ME? AND JUSTINE HIS SISTER-- SHE HATES ME--
--BUT WHY? CAN SHE AND THE LAIRD BE LOVERS?

IT MAY GET ROUGH--GOD KNOWS IT MUST HAVE BEEN ROUGH FOR VALERIE...BUT I'M NOT LETTING GO OF THIS THING UNTIL I'VE GOTTEN AT THE TRUTH!

I HAD JUST SEATED MYSELF AT THE DRESSING TABLE, WHEN SUDDENLY A TERRIFYING FACE APPEARED IN THE MIRROR BESIDE MY OWN. AN ICY TERROR PARALYZED MY EVERY NERVE! I COULDN'T HELP IT... I SCREAMED...
EEEEAAHHHH

WH-WHO ARE YOU?
W-WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
4

I WAITED, BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER...
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I-I BE HAGGIS, MUM! THE MAID BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON MUM! THE LAIRD SAID I WAS TO BRING SOME TEA FOR YA!
PLEASE D'NOT SET THE LAIRD ANGRY AT ME FOR NOT TROBLIN' TA KNOCK... PLEASE...
OF COURSE NOT, HAGGIS! IT WAS SILLY OF ME TO...
SUDDENLY...
A SCREAM!! AN AWFUL BLOODY SCREAM! WHY DID YOU SCREAM?
DON'T SCOTTISH GENTLEMEN BOTHER TO KNOCK BEFORE THEY COME 'CHARGING INTO LADIES' BEDROOMS?
SOMETIMES!
WHY ON EARTH DID YA SCREAM LIKE A TERRIFIED BANSHEE?
I-I DROPPED A SUIT-CASE ON MY FOOT, AND...
IF WE'RE TO BE TEMPORARY NEIGHBORS HERE-- I'D APPRECIATE YOUR KEEPING YOUR NOCTURNAL SCREAM-ING TO THE BAREST POSSIBLE MINIMUM!
AYE! HERE BE ENOUGH STRANGE NOISES IN THESE OLD ROOMS AT NIGHT...
THE SUPERSTITIOUS MURMURS OF A SILLY OLD WOMAN, I THOUGHT-- UNTIL, LATE AT NIGHT... I AWOKE TO A STRANGE, RUSTLING SOUND-- WHICH SEEMED TO BE COMING FROM INSIDE MY OWN ROOM!
5

SUMMONING ALL MY COURAGE, I GRABBED A FLASHLIGHT AND STEPPED OUT INTO THE HALL-- BUT THERE WAS NO ONE THERE...

I MADE MY WAY CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO DOUGAL'S ROOM...

IS *HE* BEHIND THOSE STRANGE NOISES?

IS HE *DELIBERATELY* TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME AWAY?

WAIT! WHERE'S THAT SMOKE SMELL COMING FROM? A FIRE COULD TURN THIS OLD NORTH WING INTO A FLAMING *DEATH-TRAP!*

FOLLOWING THE FAINT AROMA OF SMOKE...

THERE'S A LIGHT UP AHEAD... WHO WOULD POSSIBLY BE UP AT THIS HOUR?

I TURNED OFF MY FLASHLIGHT AND TIPTOED DOWN THE SHADOWY HALLWAY. SUDDENLY, I FOUND MYSELF ON A NARROW BALCONY OVERLOOKING A HUGE MEDIEVAL BANQUET HALL! A FIRE BURNED BRIGHTLY IN A MASSIVE FIREPLACE, AND TORCHLIGHT FLICKERED BRIGHTLY ON THE ANCIENT WALLS. THEN, DIRECTLY BELOW ME AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM-- I SAW IT--!

OH, MY DEAR LORD! IT'S... IT'S--!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

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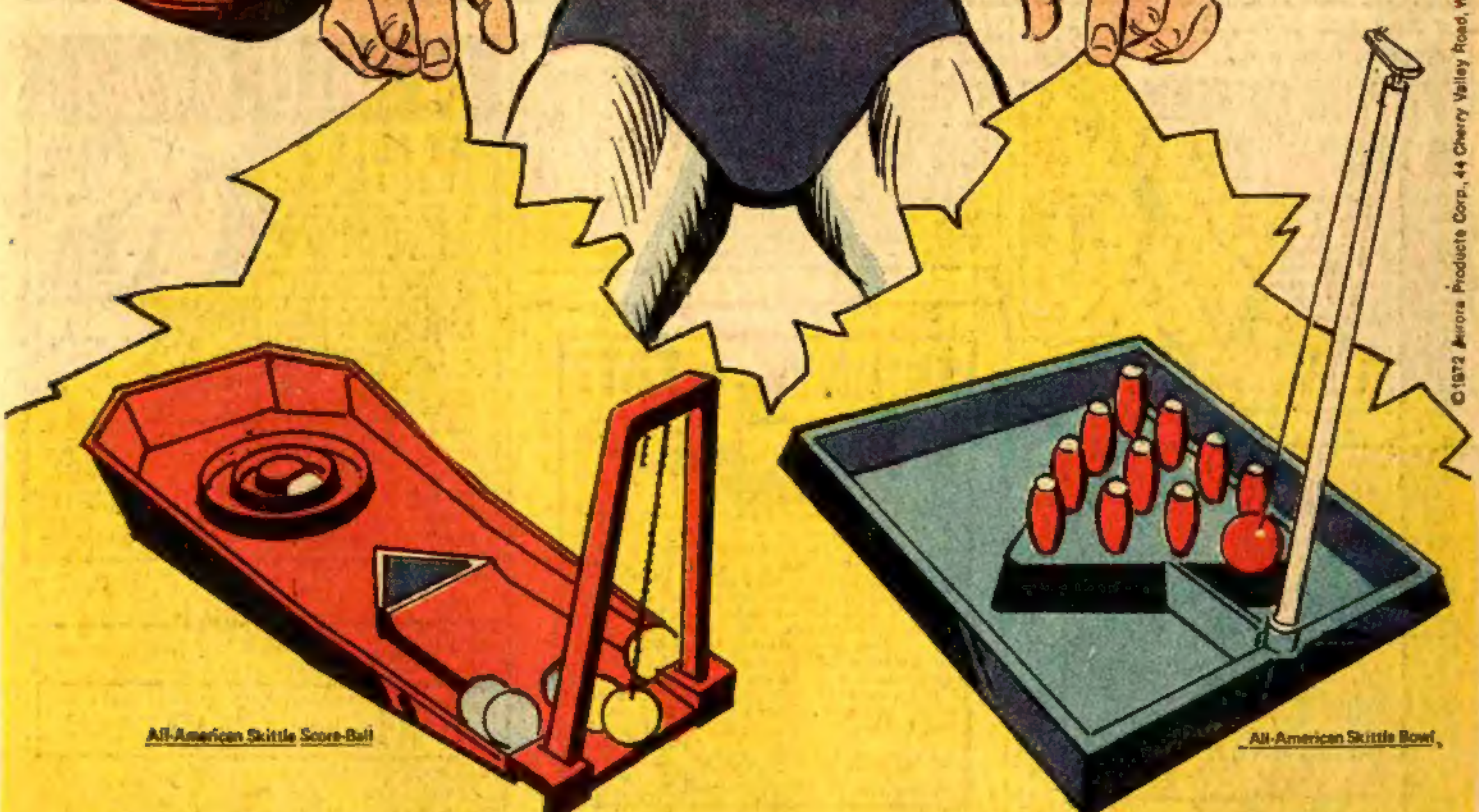

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Spy-All's uses are limited only by your interests and imagination!

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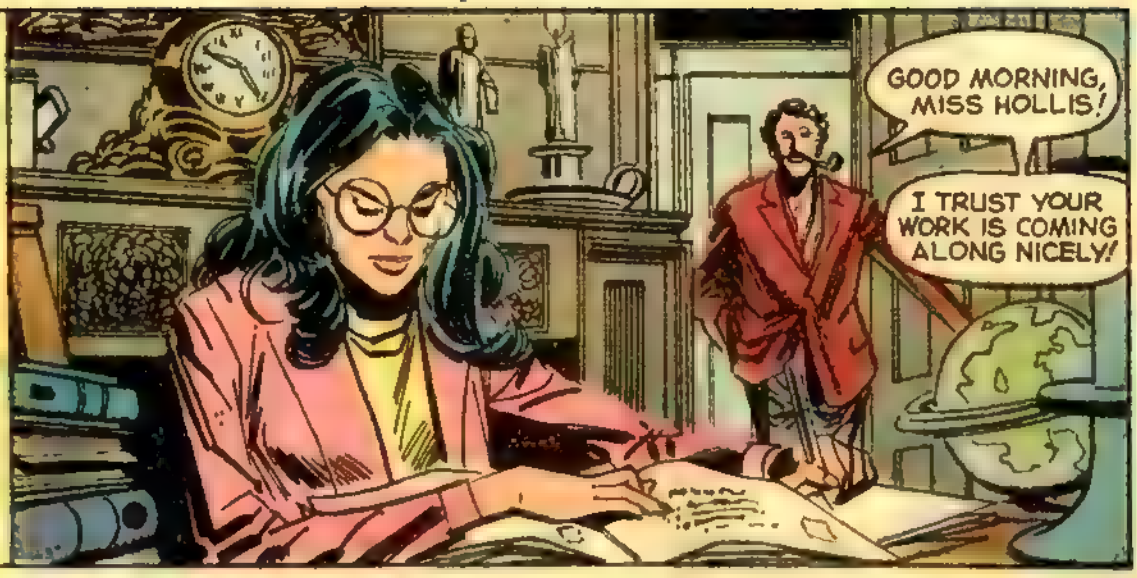
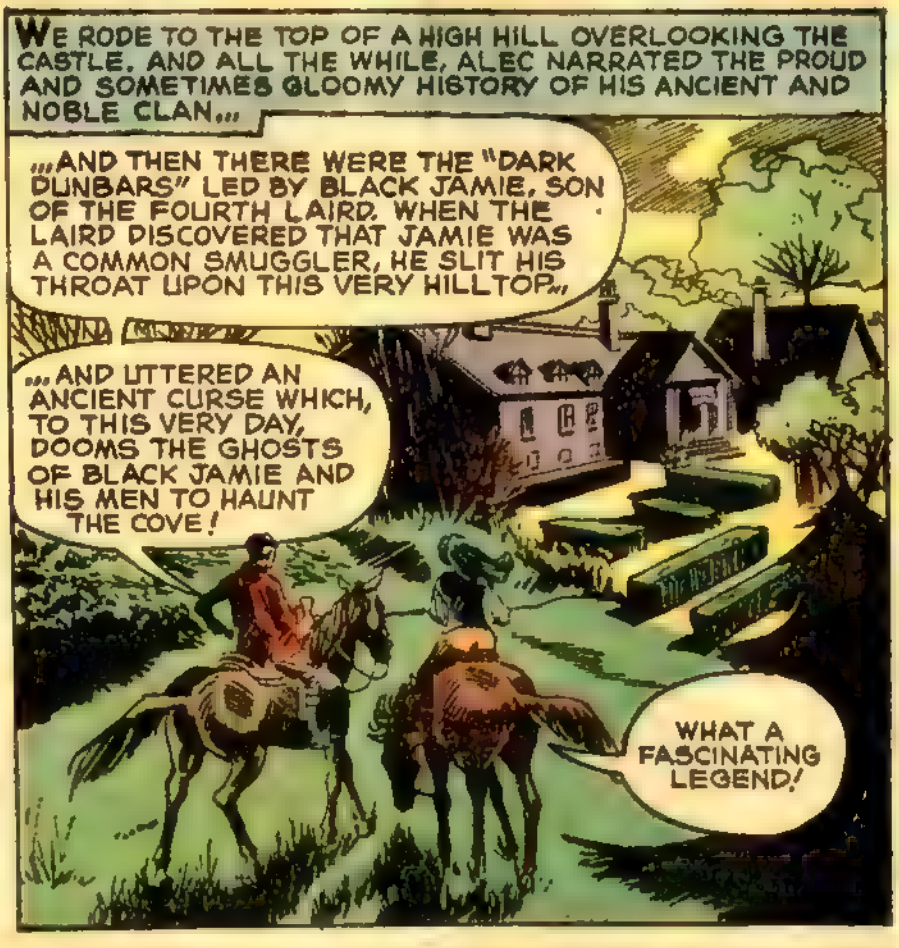
CHAPTER II
--IT'S VALERIE'S GHOST!
OH, VAL! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? WHAT UNSPEAKABLE EVIL DOOMS YOUR GHOST TO TREAD THE HALLS OF THIS FOUL PLACE?

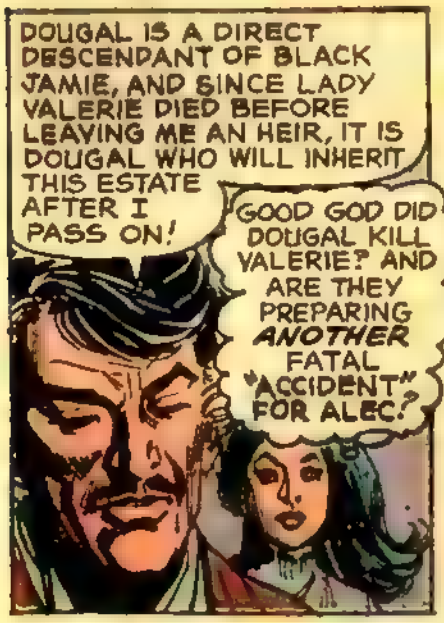
IN HORROR, I RACED FROM THE BALCONY AND FLED DOWN THE HALL TOWARD MY ROOM...
I-I W-WON'T BELIEVE IT! VAL'S GHOST... DOOMED TO HAUNT THIS AWFUL CASTLE... FOREVER!
I SLEPT FITFULLY. THE NEXT MORNING I MADE MY WAY THROUGH THOSE LONELY CORRIDORS ONCE AGAIN, DETERMINED TO UNEARTH SOME CLUE THAT WOULD VERIFY WHAT I HAD SEEN, OR EXPLAIN IT AWAY...
WHAT IF THERE WAS NO GHOST? WHAT IF IT WAS ALL A DREAM? WHAT IF--?
NO! THERE WAS A GHOST! VALERIE'S GHOST! AND I SAW IT!
HMMM... NO SIGN OF ANY TRICKY ILLUSION-MAKING EQUIPMENT! AND THE WALLS ARE TOO DARK IN HERE FOR A PROJECTED GHOST IMAGE TO SHOW UP CLEARLY!
THIS TABLE OBVIOUSLY HASN'T BEEN USED IN YEARS-- IT'S COVERED WITH DUST AN INCH THICK!
BUT THIS FLOOR WAS COVERED WITH SAWDUST LAST NIGHT--AND NOW IT'S BEEN SWEPT CLEAN... PERHAPS TO ERADICATE ANY FOOTPRINTS LEFT BY THE "GHOST"?!
I SAY, MISS HOLLIS--
...D'YE THINK YE MIGHT FORBGO YOUR ROOTIN' AROUND ON THE FLOOR LONG ENOUGH TO COME TO BREAKFAST--
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' NEAR EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!
HE TURNED ON HIS HEEL AND STRODE ANGRILY DOWN THE HALL TOWARD THE BREAKFAST ROOM. MY LITTLE INVESTIGATION WOULD HAVE TO WAIT FOR NOW!
HE'S GOT SOME NERVE, TALKING TO ME AS IF I WERE A CHILD!
I'LL BET THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN HERE HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO FIND!
8

ANOTHER DAY PASSED, AND I SETTLED INTO THE ROUTINE OF PORING THROUGH THE DUNBAR FAMILY DOCUMENTS IN SEARCH OF MATERIAL FOR THE MILITARY HISTORY I HAD SUPPOSEDLY COME HERE TO WRITE! WHEN ALEC DUNBAR APPEARED IN THE LIBRARY DOORWAY, I ASSUMED HE INTENDED TO KEEP AN EYE ON ME, BUT...

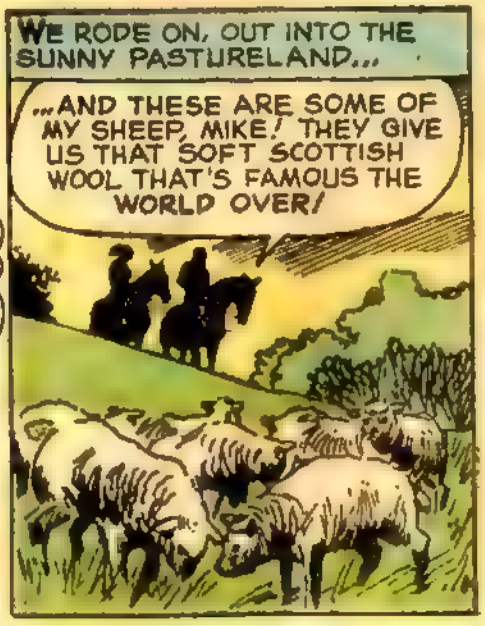


WE RODE TO THE TOP OF A HIGH HILL OVERLOOKING THE CASTLE, AND ALL THE WHILE, ALEC NARRATED THE PROUD AND SOMETIMES GLOOMY HISTORY OF HIS ANCIENT AND NOBLE CLAN...


"...AND THEN THERE WERE THE "DARK DUNBARS" LED BY BLACK JAMIE, SON OF THE FOURTH LAIRD. WHEN THE LAIRD DISCOVERED THAT JAMIE WAS A COMMON SMUGGLER, HE SLIT HIS THROAT UPON THIS VERY HILLTOP..."
"...AND UTTERED AN ANCIENT CURSE WHICH, TO THIS VERY DAY, DOOMS THE GHOSTS OF BLACK JAMIE AND HIS MEN TO HAUNT THE COVE!
WHAT A FASCINATING LEGEND!

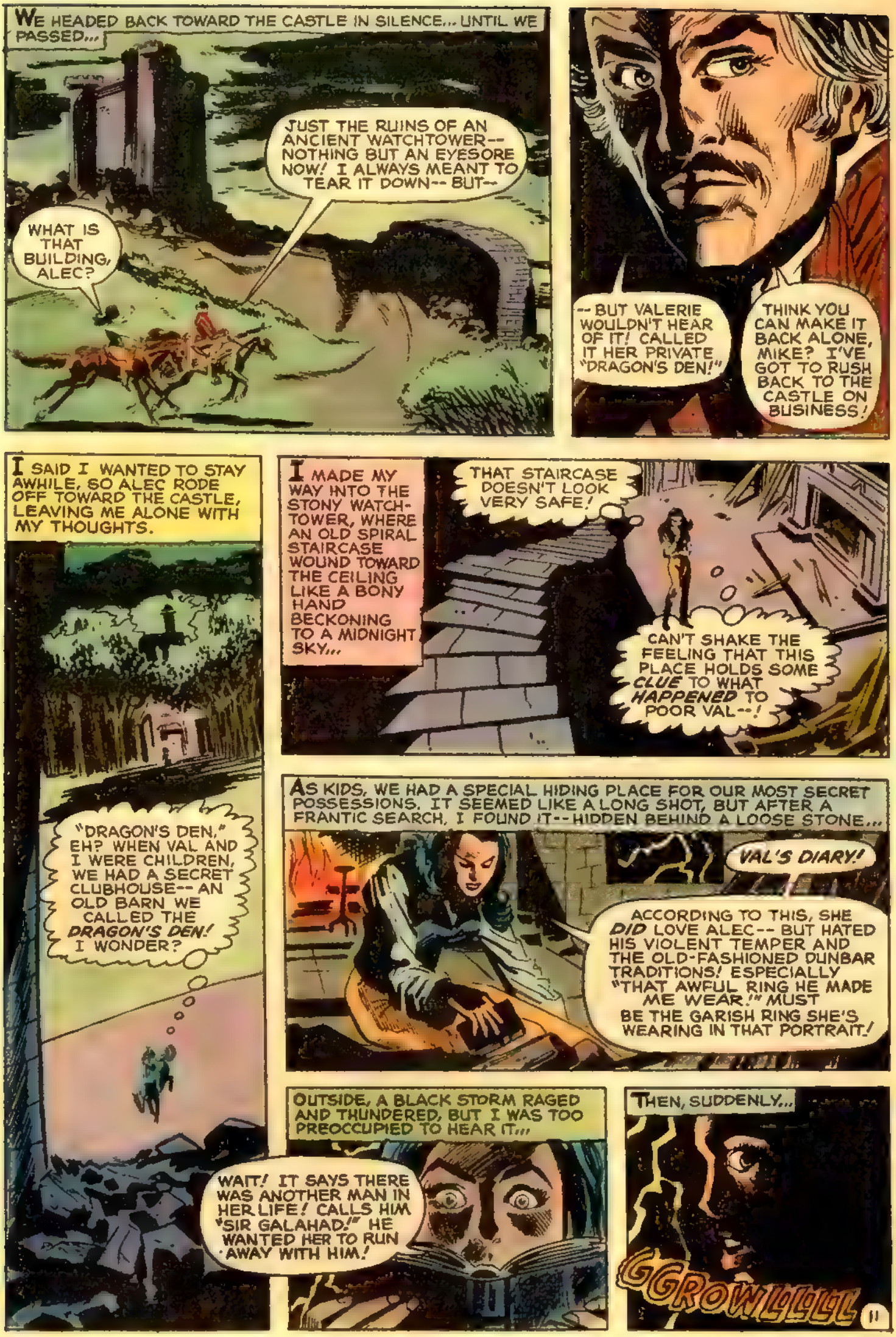

DOUGAL IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF BLACK JAMIE, AND SINCE LADY VALERIE DIED BEFORE LEAVING ME AN HEIR, IT IS DOUGAL WHO WILL INHERIT THIS ESTATE AFTER I PASS ON!
GOOD GOD DID DOUGAL KILL VALERIE? AND ARE THEY PREPARING ANOTHER FATAL "ACCIDENT" FOR ALEC?

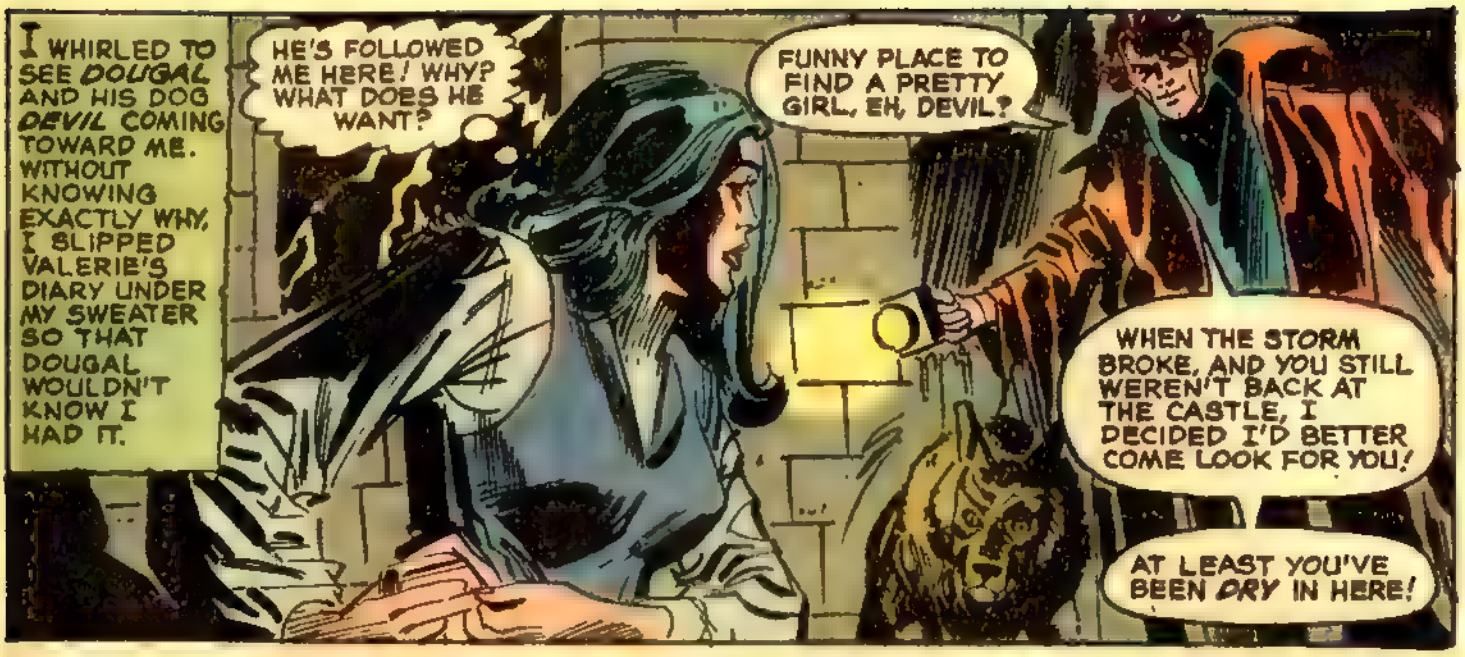
WE RODE ON, OUT INTO THE SUNNY PASTURELAND...



THE FOREST--WHERE GENERATIONS OF YOUNG DUNBARS HAVE WHISPERED WORDS OF LOVE TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LASSIES IN SCOTLAND!
WHAT GIRL COULD SAY NO TO A MAN IN A FANTASTIC PLACE LIKE THIS?

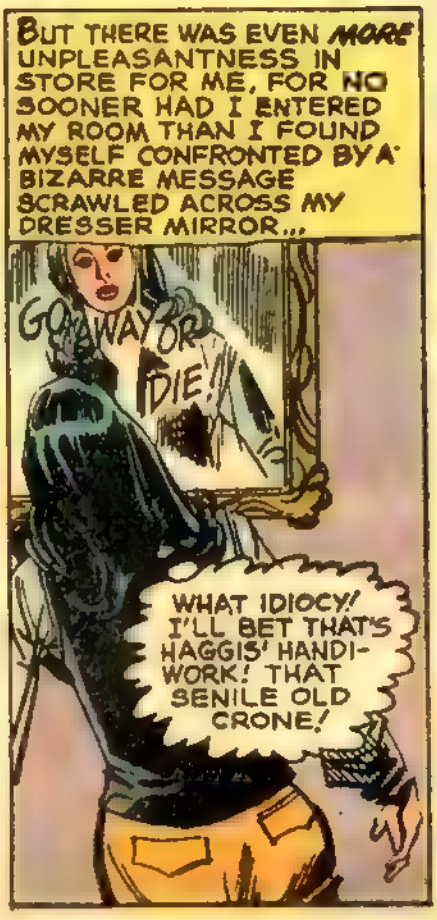
ALEC TOOK MY HAND, AND I FELT WONDERFUL!
I USED TO WALK IN THESE WOODS WITH VALERIE-- SHE WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY PERSON... SO FULL OF LIFE!
YOU MAKE HER SOUND WONDERFUL, ALEC!
YES-- SHE WAS WONDERFUL! AND YOU KNOW, MIKE-- YOU REMIND ME A GREAT DEAL OF HER--!
OH LORD, HAS HE NOTICED THE RESEMBLANCE? DOES HE REALIZE I'M VAL'S SISTER?
WE STOOD AT THE EDGE OF A HIGH CLIFF-- STARING DOWN AT THE ANGRY, FOAMING SEA...
NOT SO MUCH IN THE WAY YOU LOOK--
BUT IN THAT WARM, INNER GLOW THAT YOU SEEM TO SHARE WITH HER!
WHEW! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT...
OH, ALEC-- THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL SPOT! DO YOU GO SWIMMING DOWN THERE?
N-NO, MIKE-- I-I DON'T! VALERIE WENT SWIMMING HERE ALONE-- AGAINST MY ADVICE! ALL WE EVER FOUND WERE HER BELONGINGS-- HER BODY MUST HAVE BEEN SWEPT OUT TO SEA!
I'M SORRY, ALEC! I DIDN'T....
A LOOK OF HAUNTING TRAGEDY APPEARED IN HIS EYES, TRANSFORMING HIS FACE INTO A MELANCHOLIC PORTRAIT OF ONLY HALF-FORGOTTEN GRIEF!
I-I'M SORRY, MIKE! LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS SPOT-- PLEASE!
HE'S NOT FAKING-- HE REALLY LOVED HER! BUT VALERIE DIDN'T DIE IN A SWIMMING ACCIDENT! SHE WAS MURDERED! ONE OF THESE PEOPLE KILLED HER-- BUT WHICH ONE?


WE HEADED BACK TOWARD THE CASTLE IN SILENCE... UNTIL WE PASSED...
WHAT IS THAT BUILDING, ALEC?
JUST THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT WATCHTOWER-- NOTHING BUT AN EYESORE NOW! I ALWAYS MEANT TO TEAR IT DOWN-- BUT--
-- BUT VALERIE WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT! CALLED IT HER PRIVATE "DRAGON'S DEN!"
THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT BACK ALONE, MIKE? I'VE GOT TO RUSH BACK TO THE CASTLE ON BUSINESS!
I SAID I WANTED TO STAY AWHILE, SO ALEC RODE OFF TOWARD THE CASTLE, LEAVING ME ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS.
"DRAGON'S DEN," EH? WHEN VAL AND I WERE CHILDREN, WE HAD A SECRET CLUBHOUSE-- AN OLD BARN WE CALLED THE DRAGON'S DEN! I WONDER?
I MADE MY WAY INTO THE STONY WATCH-TOWER, WHERE AN OLD SPIRAL STAIRCASE WOUND TOWARD THE CEILING LIKE A BONY HAND BECKONING TO A MIDNIGHT SKY...
THAT STAIRCASE DOESN'T LOOK VERY SAFE!
CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT THIS PLACE HOLDS SOME CLUE TO WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR VAL--!
AS KIDS, WE HAD A SPECIAL HIDING PLACE FOR OUR MOST SECRET POSSESSIONS. IT SEEMED LIKE A LONG SHOT, BUT AFTER A FRANTIC SEARCH, I FOUND IT-- HIDDEN BEHIND A LOOSE STONE...
VAL'S DIARY!
ACCORDING TO THIS, SHE DID LOVE ALEC-- BUT HATED HIS VIOLENT TEMPER AND THE OLD-FASHIONED DUNBAR TRADITIONS! ESPECIALLY "THAT AWFUL RING HE MADE ME WEAR!" MUST BE THE GARISH RING SHE'S WEARING IN THAT PORTRAIT!
OUTSIDE, A BLACK STORM RAGED AND THUNDERED, BUT I WAS TOO PREOCCUPIED TO HEAR IT...
WAIT! IT SAYS THERE WAS ANOTHER MAN IN HER LIFE! CALLS HIM "SIR GALAHAD!" HE WANTED HER TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM!
THEN, SUDDENLY...
GGROWLLLLL
11


I WHIRLED TO SEE DOUGAL AND HIS DOG DEVIL COMING TOWARD ME. WITHOUT KNOWING EXACTLY WHY, I SLIPPED VALERIE'S DIARY UNDER MY SWEATER SO THAT DOUGAL WOULDN'T KNOW I HAD IT.
HE'S FOLLOWED ME HERE! WHY? WHAT DOES HE WANT?
FUNNY PLACE TO FIND A PRETTY GIRL, EH, DEVIL?
WHEN THE STORM BROKE, AND YOU STILL WEREN'T BACK AT THE CASTLE, I DECIDED I'D BETTER COME LOOK FOR YOU!
AT LEAST YOU'VE BEEN DRY IN HERE!

HANG ON TIGHTLY, NOW.
I'M ALL RIGHT! I'D BE DRENCHED IF YOU HADN'T COME OUT AFTER ME!
HE'S HANDSOME, AND EXCITING... AND I'M FALLING HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HIM! IS HE VALERIE'S SIR GALAHAD?
WE'LL BE HOME ANY MINUTE!
WAS HE MY SISTER'S LOVER-- OR MY SISTER'S MURDERER?

BACK AT THE CASTLE, I HAD STARTED UP THE STAIRWAY WHEN I HEARD...
IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T TAKE ANY COAXING TO GET YOU OUT IN THE RAIN TO LOOK FOR OUR LOVELY GUEST, DID IT, DOUGAL?
SOMEONE HAD TO BRING HER HOME!
DON'T LET YOUR TEMPER GET THE BETTER OF YOU, ALEC!
OH NO! I HADN'T COUNTED ON ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

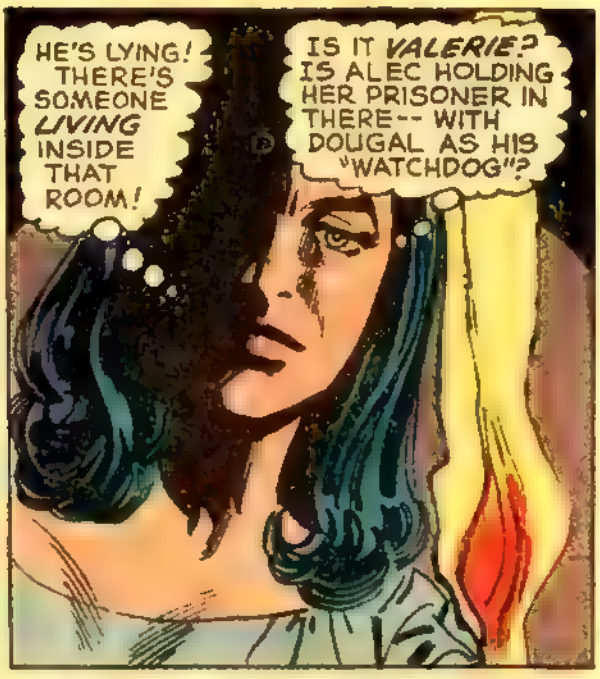

BUT THERE WAS EVEN MORE UNPLEASANTNESS IN STORE FOR ME, FOR NO SOONER HAD I ENTERED MY ROOM THAN I FOUND MYSELF CONFRONTED BY A BIZARRE MESSAGE SCRAWLED ACROSS MY DRESSER MIRROR...
GO AWAY OR DIE!
WHAT IDIOCY! I'LL BET THAT'S HAGGIS' HANDI-WORK! THAT SENILE OLD CRONE!

I GOT UNDRESSED AND WENT RIGHT TO SLEEP, WEARY FROM THE EVENTS OF AN ARDUOUS DAY. BUT LATE AT NIGHT, I AWOKE...
NOISES! SOMEONE'S MOVING AROUND IN THE ROOM ABOVE ME!
BUT ONLY DOUGAL AND I LIVE IN THE NORTH WING! THE ROOM UPSTAIRS IS--EMPTY!

I THREW ON A ROBE AND STEALTHILY MADE MY WAY UP THE STAIRCASE, THE DUNBAR PORTRAITS GLARED DOWN AT ME -- LIKE AN ARMY OF SPIES OBSERVING MY EVERY MOVE...
POOR VALERIE! ALONE IN THIS EERIE PLACE, WITH NO ONE TO TRUST -- OR DEPEND ON!
EVEN MOM AND DAD DISOWNED HER AFTER SHE DIVORCED HER HUSBAND AND RAN AWAY WITH ALEC!
AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, A HEAVY OAKEN DOOR...
I SMELL -- GARDENIAS! WHY -- THAT'S THE SMELL OF VALERIE'S FAVORITE PERFUME!
I RUSHED TO THE DOOR AND EAGERLY GRASPED HOLD OF THE BRASS KNOB...
DARN IT -- IT'S LOCKED! AND SOMEONE'S SEALED IT SHUT WITH A HEAVY WAX SEAL TO DISCOURAGE TAMPERING!
SUDDENLY A DARK FIGURE POUNCED ON ME FROM BEHIND AND CLAMPED A POWERFUL HAND ACROSS MY MOUTH. I STRUGGLED WITH THE TERROR OF A CORNERED ANIMAL, BUT I WAS HELPLESS TO FREE MYSELF FROM MY ATTACKER'S IRON GRIP!

DOUGAL! LET GO OF ME! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION, YOUNG LADY!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BURGLAR, PROWLING ABOUT UP HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT!
YOU'RE LYING! YOU'RE ONLY TRYING TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM THAT LOCKED ROOM!

I HAVE NO INTEREST WHATEVER IN YOUR PRECIOUS LOCKED ROOM OR IN HOW YOU CHOOSE TO FRITTER AWAY YOUR TIME!
BUT THE FLOORING IS OLD AND DECREPIT UP HERE AND A FALSE STEP COULD MEAN YOUR DOOM! FOR YOUR OWN GOOD-- YOU MUST NEVER POKE AROUND UP HERE AGAIN!


HE'S LYING! THERE'S SOMEONE LIVING INSIDE THAT ROOM!
IS IT VALERIE? IS ALEC HOLDING HER PRISONER IN THERE-- WITH DOUGAL AS HIS "WATCHDOG"?

THE NEXT MORNING I DRESSED EARLY AND MADE MY WAY TO THE KITCHEN TO QUESTION HAGGIS! SOMEHOW, I WOULD GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS GRISLY MYSTERY...
HAGGIS! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU-- ABOUT LADY VALERIE'S SWIMMING ACCIDENT!

WEREN'T NO ACCIDENT WHAT KILLED LADY VALERIE, MUM! 'TWAS BLIND JAMIE WHAT SPIRITED HER AWAY! THAT'S WHY NO ONE'S EVER FOUND HER BODY, I'M TELLIN' YE!
SHE WAS POSSESSED BY A DEVIL, LADY VALERIE WAS! ALWAYS MAKIN' EYES AT ALL THE GENTLEMEN --
USED TO MAKE LAIRD ALEC FURIOUS, IT DID! HEE HEE! AND THEN ONE DAY, AFTER ONE OF THEIR SPATS, LADY VALERIE WENT DOWN TO THE BEACH AND PLUNGED INTO THE SURF TO DIE!
ARE YOU SAYING THAT LADY VALERIE COMMITTED SUICIDE, HAGGIS?
I'M NOT SAYIN' NOTHING, MUM! I'VE ALREADY SAID TOO MUCH, METHINKS!
THE LAIRD WOULD BE MAD INDEED IF HE SAW ME TALKIN' TO YA-- AND THESE OLD KITCHEN WALLS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO HAVE EARS ON THEM, MUM!
THEN MEET ME SOMEWHERE ELSE, LATER!
ALL RIGHT, MUM! ALL RIGHT! I'LL MEET WITH YE AT MIDNIGHT-- AT YOUR ROOM IN THE NORTH WING!
BUT PLEASE GO NOW, MUM! PLEASE LEAVE MY KITCHEN BEFORE...
ALL RIGHT, HAGGIS! I'LL GO! BUT ONE MORE THING--
--DON'T LEAVE ANY MORE CHILDISH MESSAGES ON MY MIRROR! I DON'T THINK THEY'RE AT ALL FUNNY!
MESSAGE, MUM? OH NO, MUM -- I LEFT NO MESSAGE! WHY-- I CANNOT EVEN WRITE ME NAME, MUM!
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

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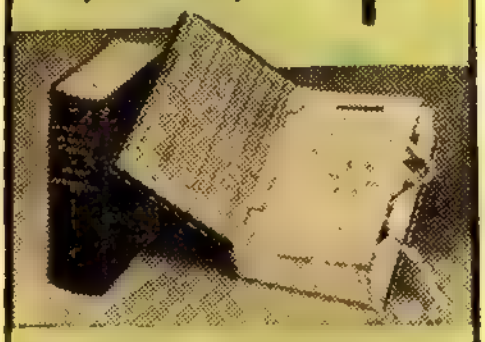

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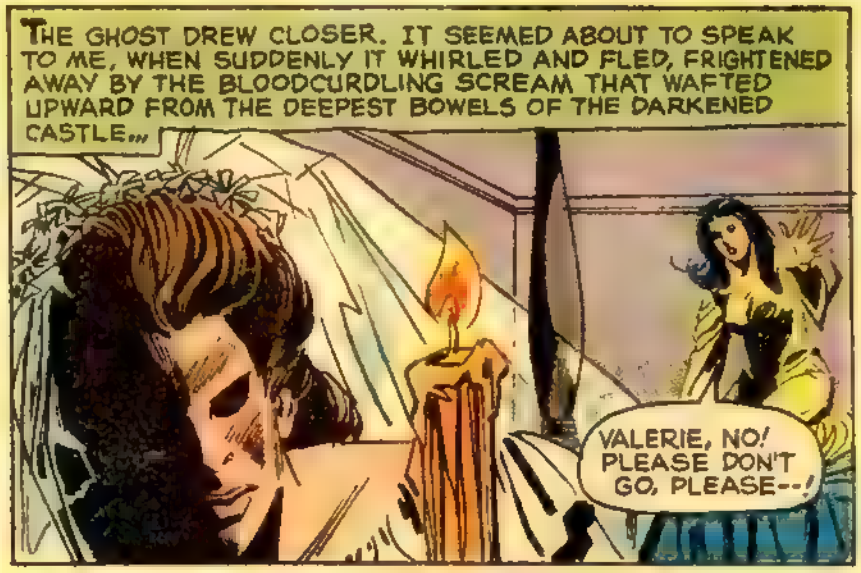
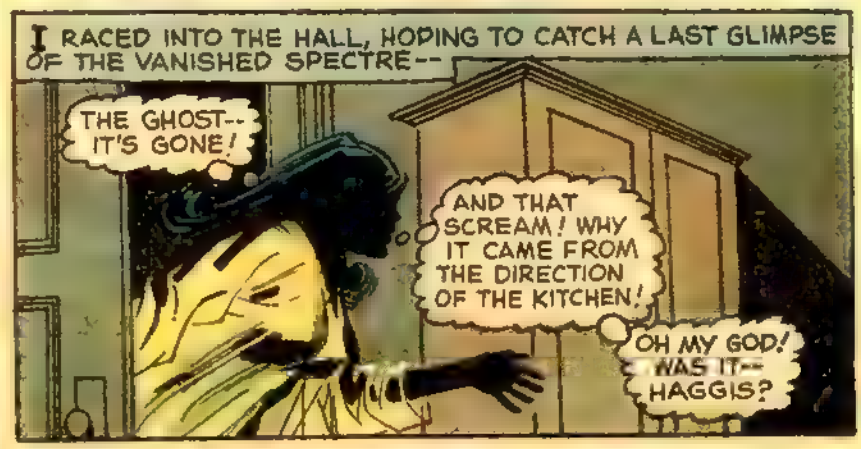
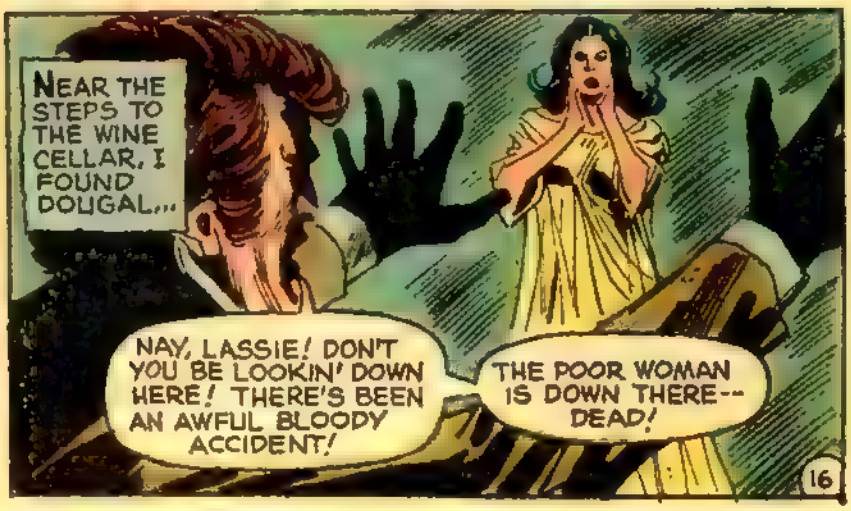
THAT NIGHT, I LAY ON MY BED, RESTLESSLY AWAITING HAGGIS AND STRUGGLING TO UNRAVEL THE COMPLEX WEB OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE THAT LAY LIKE A PALL OVER MY SISTER'S DEATH. I DID NOT HEAR THE FATAL, TELLTALE CLICK IN THE WALL BEHIND ME...
SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO FIND THE KEY THAT WILL MAKE THE PIECES OF THIS BIZARRE JIGSAW PUZZLE FIT TOGETHER!
ALEC SAYS VALERIE DIED IN A SWIMMING ACCIDENT! HAGGIS IMPLIES SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE! WHEN WILL I--?

SUDDENLY, THE WARM GLOW OF CANDLELIGHT FILLED THE ROOM AND I WHIRLED TO FACE A GHOSTLY FIGURE THAT HAD MATERIALIZED FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...
OH MY GOD! IT'S THE GHOST-- IT'S VALERIE'S GHOST!
OH DEAR, SWEET VALERIE-- WHAT UNSPEAKABLE TORMENT DOOMS YOU TO TROD THESE DARK HALLWAYS?
AND WHY HAVE YOU COME NOW? TO WARN ME OF SOME IMPENDING HORROR-- SOME FRIGHTFUL EVIL THAT AWAITS ME?

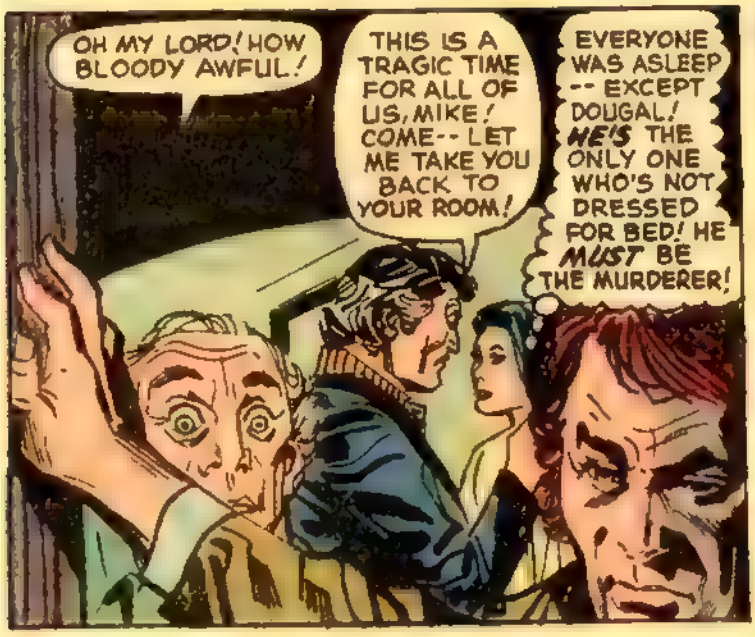

THE GHOST DREW CLOSER. IT SEEMED ABOUT TO SPEAK TO ME, WHEN SUDDENLY IT WHIRLED AND FLED, FRIGHTENED AWAY BY THE BLOODCURDLING SCREAM THAT WAFTED UPWARD FROM THE DEEPEST BOWELS OF THE DARKENED CASTLE...
VALERIE, NO! PLEASE DON'T GO, PLEASE--!


I RACED INTO THE HALL, HOPING TO CATCH A LAST GLIMPSE OF THE VANISHED SPECTRE--
THE GHOST-- IT'S GONE!
AND THAT SCREAM! WHY IT CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE KITCHEN!
OH MY GOD! WAS IT-- HAGGIS?


NEAR THE STEPS TO THE WINE CELLAR, I FOUND DOUGAL...
NAY, LASSIE! DON'T YOU BE LOOKIN' DOWN HERE! THERE'S BEEN AN AWFUL BLOODY ACCIDENT!
THE POOR WOMAN IS DOWN THERE-- DEAD!

CHAPTER III
IGNORING DOUGAL'S ADMONITION, I PLUNGED DOWN THE STEPS LEADING TO THE WINE CELLAR ENTRANCE AND GAZED WITH HORROR AT THE CRUMBLED CORPSE OF POOR OLD HAGGIS, SPRAWLED GROTESQUELY ON THE FLAGSTONES BELOW...
I TOLD YOU IT WAS HORRIBLE, MIKE! THESE STONE STAIRS ARE DAMP AND TREACHEROUS!
THE OLD LADY MUST HAVE SLIPPED, AND FALLEN TO HER DOOM!
MURDERER! YOU FILTHY MURDERER!! SHE WAS GOING TO TELL ME THE TRUTH! THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS AWFUL CASTLE AND ITS DIRTY SECRETS!
AND YOU KILLED HER-- YOU KILLED HER SO THAT SHE COULDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING!
17

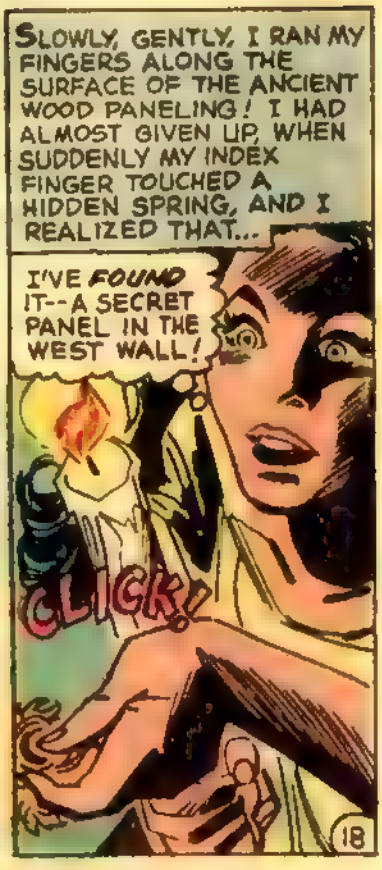
HUSH, YE FOOL! YOU'LL BE HEARD BY THE OTHERS! YE SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME TO DUNBAR CASTLE, MIKE!
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?
SHE'S (SOB) D-DEAD--ALL BECAUSE SHE WAS GOING TO... TO...


OH MY LORD! HOW BLOODY AWFUL!
THIS IS A TRAGIC TIME FOR ALL OF US, MIKE! COME-- LET ME TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR ROOM!
EVERYONE WAS ASLEEP -- EXCEPT DOUGAL! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO'S NOT DRESSED FOR BED! HE MUST BE THE MURDERER!

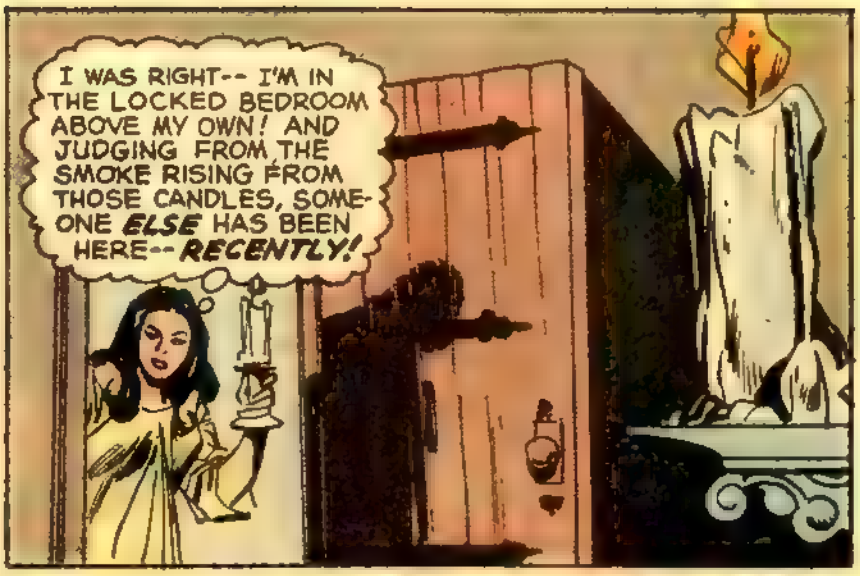
YOU KNOW, MIKE-- HAGGIS WAS A WONDERFUL OLD WOMAN, BUT--
--SHE WAS ALSO QUITE A HEAVY DRINKER, I'M AFRAID! AN ACCIDENT LIKE THIS WAS ALMOST, WELL, BOUND TO HAPPEN!
OH, ALEC-- I'M SO UPSET!

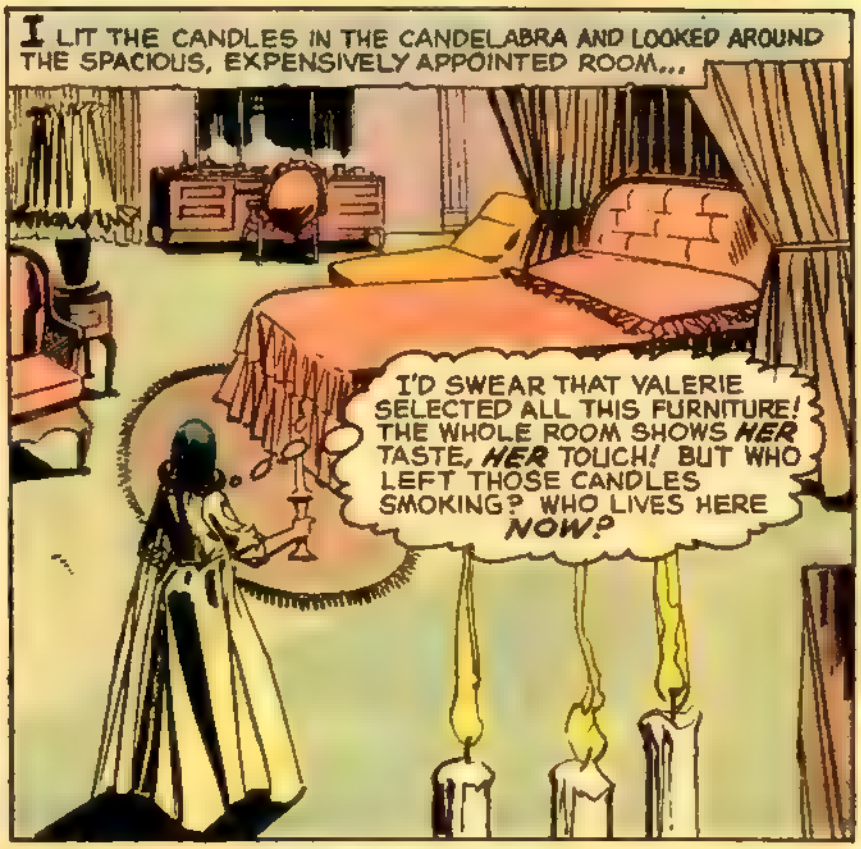
ALEC'S WARMTH AND HUMAN UNDERSTANDING WERE A WELCOME CHANGE FROM THE COLD, ALMOST CYNICAL BEHAVIOR OF THE STEEL-EYED DOUGAL! ALEC MUST HAVE FELT HOW MUCH I NEEDED HIM, BECAUSE SUDDENLY OUR HANDS TOUCHED, OUR LIPS MET, AND I MYSELF WAS MELTING INTO THE COMFORTING ARMS OF THE LAIRD OF DUNBAR CASTLE...

LATER, ALONE IN MY ROOM, I BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT VALERIE'S "GHOST"-- ABOUT ITS SUDDEN APPEARANCE FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, ITS SUDDEN, FRANTIC, ALL-TOO-HUMAN DEPARTURE AT THE SOUND OF HAGGIS' SCREAM...
MAYBE I'M BEING PLAYED FOR A FOOL! MAYBE THE GHOST IS NOT A GHOST AT ALL! COULD THERE BE A HIDDEN PANEL HERE SOMEWHERE...?


SLOWLY, GENTLY, I RAN MY FINGERS ALONG THE SURFACE OF THE ANCIENT WOOD PANELING! I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP, WHEN SUDDENLY MY INDEX FINGER TOUCHED A HIDDEN SPRING, AND I REALIZED THAT...
I'VE FOUND IT--A SECRET PANEL IN THE WEST WALL!
CLICK!

TREMBLING WITH FEAR, I STEPPED THROUGH THE HIDDEN PANEL AND MADE MY WAY TOWARD SOME GLOOMY UNDERWORLD OF DARKNESS AND MISERY AND DEATH...
THAT SMELL-- IT'S VALERIE'S PERFUME AGAIN! AND THAT PANEL UP AHEAD-- IT MUST BE A SECRET ENTRANCE INTO THAT SEALED BEDROOM!


I WAS RIGHT-- I'M IN THE LOCKED BEDROOM ABOVE MY OWN! AND JUDGING FROM THE SMOKE RISING FROM THOSE CANDLES, SOMEONE ELSE HAS BEEN HERE-- RECENTLY!


I LIT THE CANDLES IN THE CANDELABRA AND LOOKED AROUND THE SPACIOUS, EXPENSIVELY APPOINTED ROOM...
I'D SWEAR THAT VALERIE SELECTED ALL THIS FURNITURE! THE WHOLE ROOM SHOWS HER TASTE, HER TOUCH! BUT WHO LEFT THOSE CANDLES SMOKING? WHO LIVES HERE NOW?

VALERIE'S CLOTHES, GLOVES, JEWELRY-- THEY'RE ALL HERE! IT'S ALMOST AS IF SHE NEVER DIED! BUT WAIT-- WHAT'S IN THAT CLOSET?

I STEPPED ACROSS THE ROOM AND CALMLY OPENED THE CLOSET DOORS! BUT THEN I SHRANK BACK, THE BLOOD RUNNING COLD IN MY VEINS, AS I GAZED IN HORROR AT THE TERRIFYING "THING" THAT STARED OUT AT ME FROM WITHIN THAT CLOSED-IN SPACE...
CONTINUED ON 4½ PAGE FOLLOWING.

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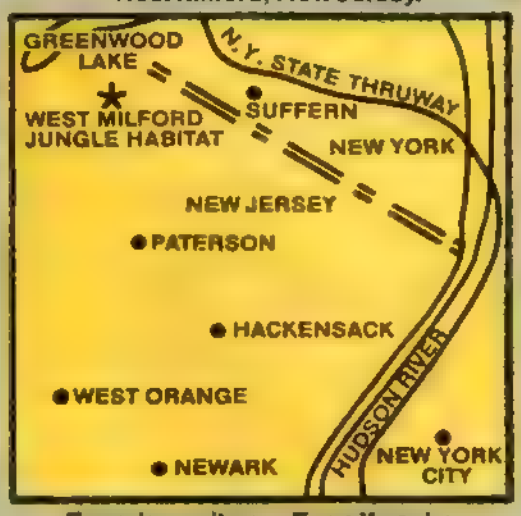

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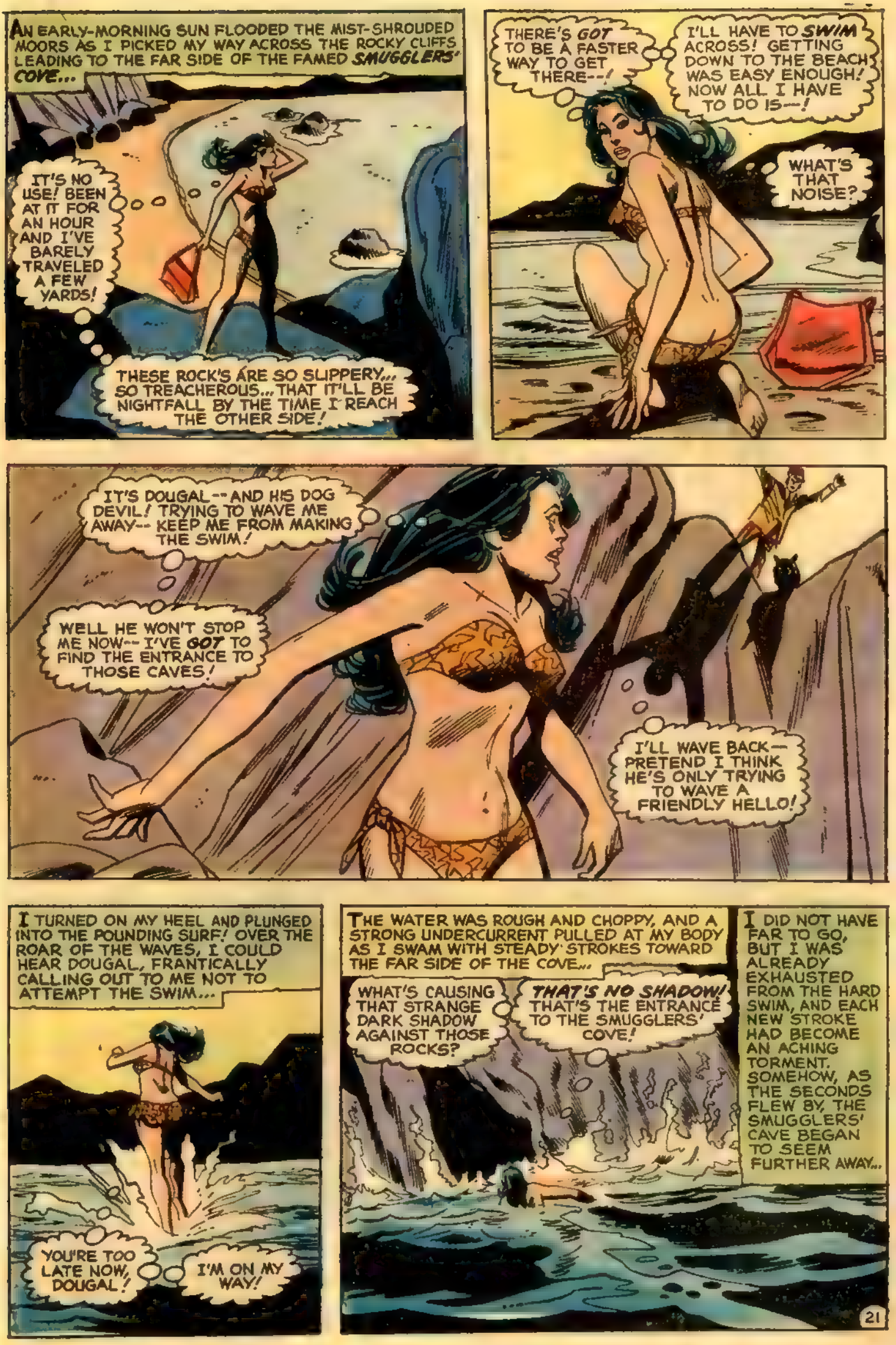
A WAVE OF RELIEF WASHED OVER ME. BUT THEN I SMELLED THE GARDENIAS, AND ONCE AGAIN ICY FINGERS OF HORROR CLUTCHED AT MY HEARTSTRINGS AND PARALYZED MY EVERY NERVE...

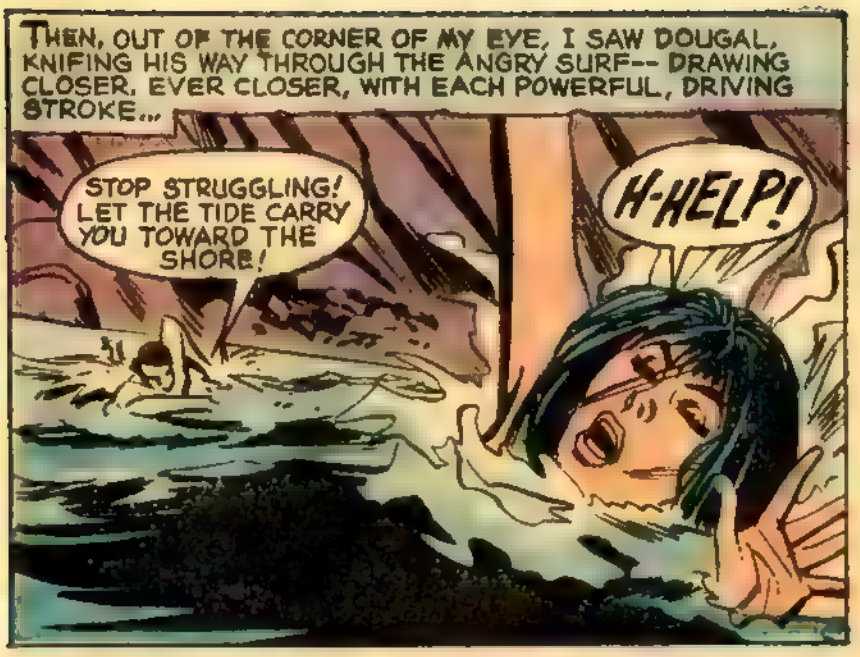
GARDENIAS! VALERIE HAS BEEN WEARING THIS GOWN RECENTLY!
AND THIS-- WHY, THERE'S DRIED SEA-WEED ON THE HEM! DRIED SEAWEED!!
OH MY GOD-- I'M GOING MAD! VALERIE DROWNED IN THE COVE! SHE'S DEAD! AND NOW HER GHOST WEARS THIS DRESS... HAUNTS THIS CASTLE...

A GHASTLY HORROR CURDLED MY BLOOD, AND SLOWLY I FELT MY SANITY EBBING AWAY! SOMEHOW-- I TORE MYSELF AWAY, FLED TOWARD THE SAFETY OF THE STAIRCASE, ESCAPED FROM THE CRINGING TERROR THAT HELD ME CAPTIVE IN THAT UNHOLY ROOM...

I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF... REASON THIS ALL OUT!
HAGGIS SAID THAT VAL WAS SPIRITED AWAY BY BLACK JAMIE.
TOMORROW I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE COVE-- FIND THE ENTRANCE TO THOSE SMUGGLERS' CAVES!

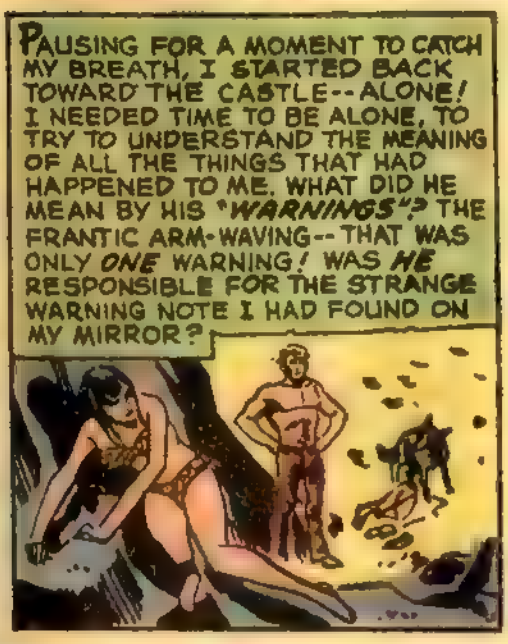

AN EARLY-MORNING SUN FLOODED THE MIST-SHROUDED MOORS AS I PICKED MY WAY ACROSS THE ROCKY CLIFFS LEADING TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE FAMED SMUGGLERS' COVE...
IT'S NO USE! BEEN AT IT FOR AN HOUR AND I'VE BARELY TRAVELED A FEW YARDS!
THESE ROCK'S ARE SO SLIPPERY... SO TREACHEROUS... THAT IT'LL BE NIGHTFALL BY THE TIME I REACH THE OTHER SIDE!
THERE'S GOT TO BE A FASTER WAY TO GET THERE--!
I'LL HAVE TO SWIM ACROSS! GETTING DOWN TO THE BEACH WAS EASY ENOUGH! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS--!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
IT'S DOUGAL -- AND HIS DOG DEVIL! TRYING TO WAVE ME AWAY-- KEEP ME FROM MAKING THE SWIM!
WELL HE WON'T STOP ME NOW-- I'VE GOT TO FIND THE ENTRANCE TO THOSE CAVES!
I'LL WAVE BACK-- PRETEND I THINK HE'S ONLY TRYING TO WAVE A FRIENDLY HELLO!
I TURNED ON MY HEEL AND PLUNGED INTO THE POUNDING SURF! OVER THE ROAR OF THE WAVES, I COULD HEAR DOUGAL, FRANTICALLY CALLING OUT TO ME NOT TO ATTEMPT THE SWIM...
YOU'RE TOO LATE NOW, DOUGAL!
I'M ON MY WAY!
THE WATER WAS ROUGH AND CHOPPY, AND A STRONG UNDERCURRENT PULLED AT MY BODY AS I SWAM WITH STEADY STROKES TOWARD THE FAR SIDE OF THE COVE...
WHAT'S CAUSING THAT STRANGE DARK SHADOW AGAINST THOSE ROCKS?
THAT'S NO SHADOW! THAT'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE SMUGGLERS' COVE!
I DID NOT HAVE FAR TO GO, BUT I WAS ALREADY EXHAUSTED FROM THE HARD SWIM, AND EACH NEW STROKE HAD BECOME AN ACHING TORMENT. SOMEHOW, AS THE SECONDS FLEW BY, THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE BEGAN TO SEEM FURTHER AWAY...

CHAPTER IV
ALL AT ONCE, I REALIZED THAT MY STRENGTH WAS GIVING OUT-- THAT THE MURDEROUS UNDERCURRENT, NOW MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER, WAS COUNTERACTING MY EVERY STROKE, DRAGGING ME DOWNWARD, AND...
PULLING ME... OUT TO SEA!
STARK PANIC GRIPPED MY SENSES, AND I THRASHED LIKE A MADMAN IN THE FOAMING SEA, GASPING AND CURSING AS THE CHURNING WATERS REACHED OUT TO ENFOLD ME IN A SILENT, NEVER-ENDING EMBRACE...
I CAN'T BREATHE! GOT TO HAVE AIR! GOING UNDER!
HELP! HE--!! BLUB
THEN, ALL AT ONCE, I STOPPED FLAILING... I STOPPED THRASHING! WE WERE AT PEACE, THE SEA AND I, AS A MOMENT OF PERFECT UNDERSTANDING BOUND US TOGETHER...
I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT! I'M ABOUT TO DIE!


THEN, OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW DOUGAL, KNIFING HIS WAY THROUGH THE ANGRY SURF-- DRAWING CLOSER, EVER CLOSER, WITH EACH POWERFUL, DRIVING STROKE...
STOP STRUGGLING! LET THE TIDE CARRY YOU TOWARD THE SHORE!
H-HELP!

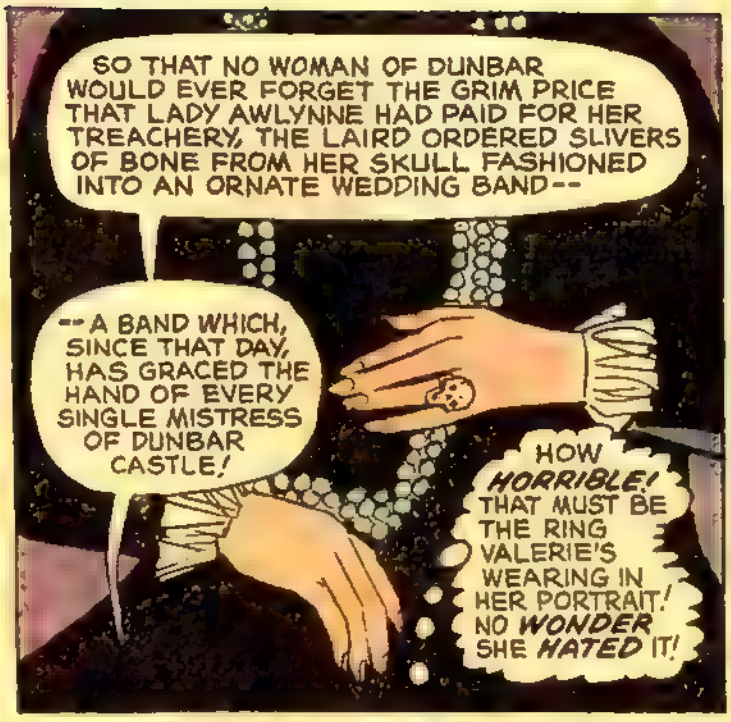
HIS POWERFUL ARMS REACHED OUT FOR ME, PULLING ME GENTLY TOWARD THE SHORE. IT WAS AS THOUGH I HAD BEEN CONDEMNED TO DIE, THEN HANDED A PARDON AS I ASCENDED THE GALLOWS' STEPS...

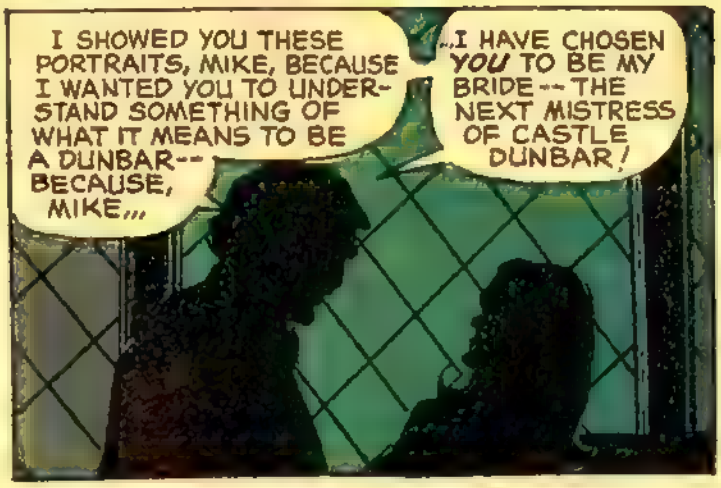
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, WOMAN?
WHY WON'T YOU HEED ANY OF MY WARNINGS?
HE COULD HAVE LET ME DROWN-- BUT HE DIDN'T!

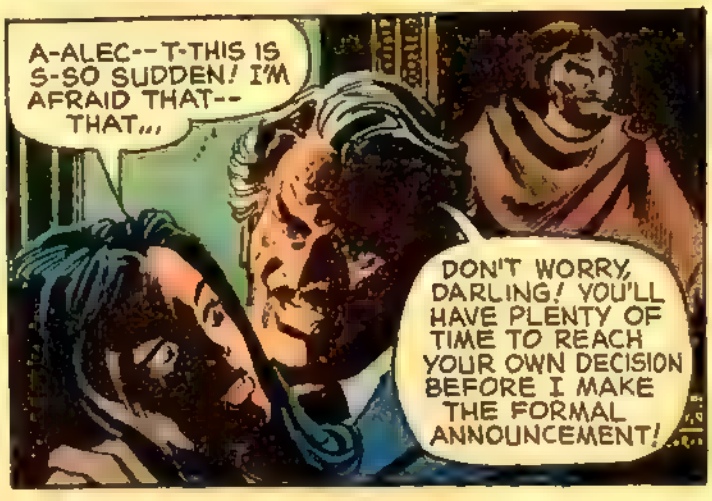

PAUSING FOR A MOMENT TO CATCH MY BREATH, I STARTED BACK TOWARD THE CASTLE--ALONE! I NEEDED TIME TO BE ALONE, TO TRY TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF ALL THE THINGS THAT HAD HAPPENED TO ME. WHAT DID HE MEAN BY HIS "WARNINGS"? THE FRANTIC ARM-WAVING--THAT WAS ONLY ONE WARNING! WAS HE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STRANGE WARNING NOTE I HAD FOUND ON MY MIRROR?

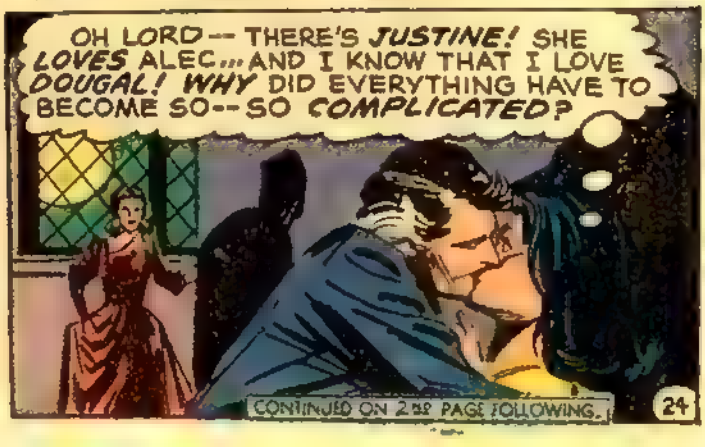
THAT NIGHT AT DINNER, THE CASTLE CRACKLED WITH AN ALMOST UNBEARABLE TENSION. I COULD SEE THAT JUSTINE HATED ME, AND DOUGAL TREATED ME AS THOUGH I WERE HARDLY ALIVE-- MUCH LESS... A WOMAN!
I'VE BEEN WANTING YOU TO MEET RAYBURN, MIKE! HE'S OUR FAMILY LAWYER-- SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME IN LONDON, VISITS US ONLY OCCASIONALLY!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING YOU, MIKE!
IT WAS RAYBURN, BY THE WAY, WHO PAINTED THAT ENCHANTING PORTRAIT OF LADY VALERIE!
THE PLEASURE IS MINE, MR. RAYBURN!
SO HE PAINTED THAT PORTRAIT! COULD HE HAVE BEEN VALERIE'S "SIR GALAHAD"?

AFTER DINNER, ALEC LED ME ON A TOUR OF THE DUNBAR FAMILY PORTRAIT GALLERY. PROUDLY, HE TOLD ME OF HIS FAMILY'S HISTORY-- DESCRIBED THE LIVES OF THE GREAT LAIRDS AND LADIES WHOSE PORTRAITS LINED THIS HISTORIC HALL. THE DUNBARS WERE PASSIONATE MEN, EXPLAINED ALEC-- FIERCELY POSSESSIVE OF THEIR WOMEN, INTENSELY LOYAL TO THEIR CLAN AND COUNTRY...
AND THIS, MIKE, IS LADY AWLYNNE, WIFE OF THE SECOND LAIRD OF DUNBAR-- AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE DUNBAR WOMEN!
WHEN THE LAIRD DISCOVERED THAT LADY AWLYNNE HAD BEEN UNFAITHFUL TO HIM, HE ORDERED HER BEHEADED-- FOR IN SCOTTISH TRADITION, MIKE, A LAIRD HAS ALWAYS HELD THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER HIS KIN AND VASSALS!


SO THAT NO WOMAN OF DUNBAR WOULD EVER FORGET THE GRIM PRICE THAT LADY AWLYNNE HAD PAID FOR HER TREACHERY, THE LAIRD ORDERED SLIVERS OF BONE FROM HER SKULL FASHIONED INTO AN ORNATE WEDDING BAND--
--A BAND WHICH, SINCE THAT DAY, HAS GRACED THE HAND OF EVERY SINGLE MISTRESS OF DUNBAR CASTLE!
HOW HORRIBLE! THAT MUST BE THE RING VALERIE'S WEARING IN HER PORTRAIT! NO WONDER SHE HATED IT!


I SHOWED YOU THESE PORTRAITS, MIKE, BECAUSE I WANTED YOU TO UNDERSTAND SOMETHING OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A DUNBAR-- BECAUSE, MIKE...
...I HAVE CHOSEN YOU TO BE MY BRIDE -- THE NEXT MISTRESS OF CASTLE DUNBAR!


A-ALEC--T-THIS IS S-SO SUDDEN! I'M AFRAID THAT-- THAT...
DON'T WORRY, DARLING! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO REACH YOUR OWN DECISION BEFORE I MAKE THE FORMAL ANNOUNCEMENT!


OH LORD -- THERE'S JUSTINE! SHE LOVES ALEC... AND I KNOW THAT I LOVE DOUGAL! WHY DID EVERYTHING HAVE TO BECOME SO-- SO COMPLICATED?
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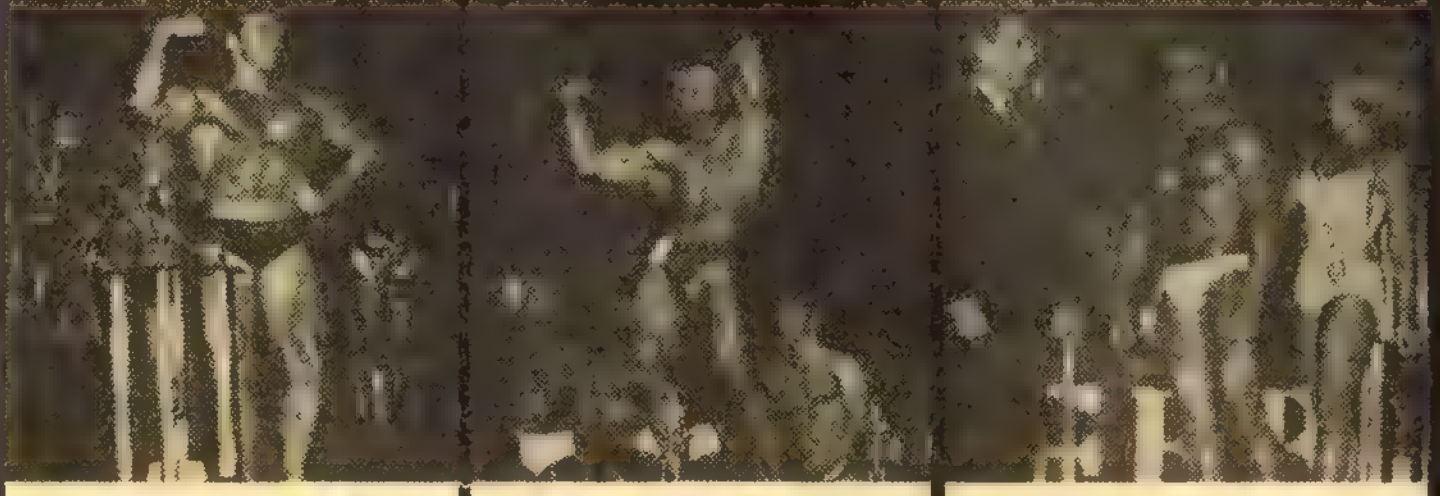
WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

MR. OLYMPIA	MR. AMERICA	MR. UNIVERSE



Larry Scott, Mr. Olympia," was a 136-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—just as you should—and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! How about you?

Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slob—weighing 255 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs., 20½-inch arms, a 55" chest, 32" waist. A real champ! Why wait? Rush!

Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny, only 138-lbs., and weak. But he sent for free information, now weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! Why not you!

THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD— GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS —4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST— IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, musculanize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle building information, I guarantee you that virtually ever-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!

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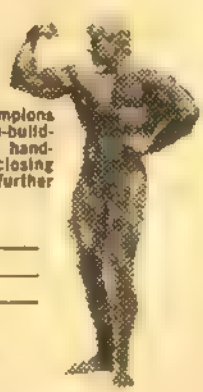
JOE WEIDER, Dept. 80-42 P
Trainer of Champions since 1936
25 Maple St., Norwood, N.J. 07648

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 25c to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____
(please print clearly)

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 32 PAGE COURSE!

NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

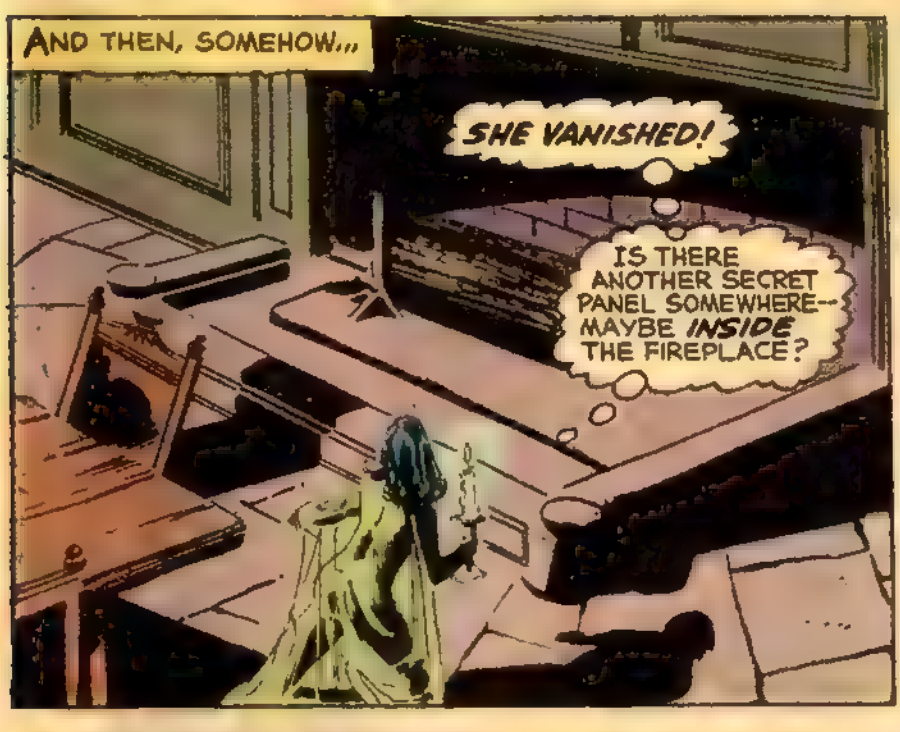


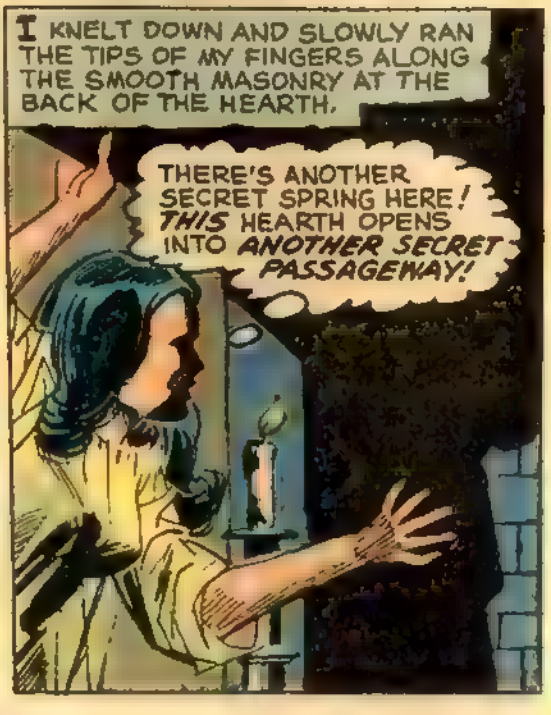
Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).

- ☐ Bigger arms
- ☐ Larger Chest
- ☐ Broader Shoulders
- ☐ Athletic Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

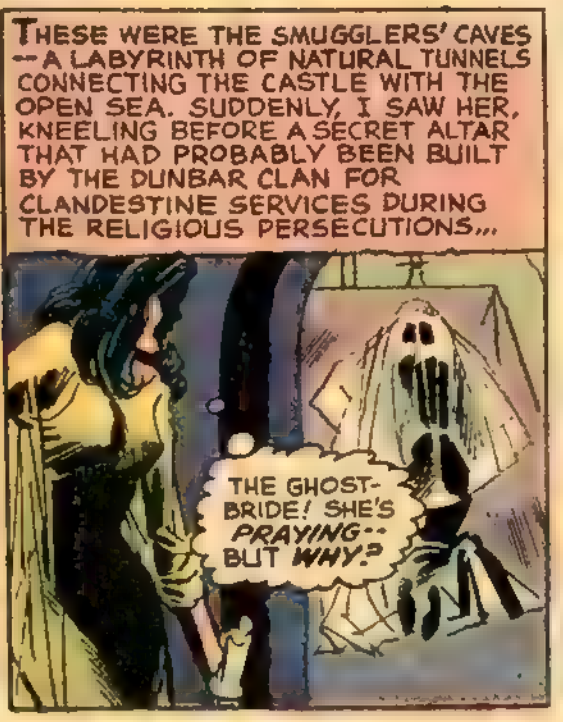
THAT NIGHT, I LAY IN BED, RESTLESSLY WAITING FOR A SLEEP THAT NEVER CAME... FEVERISHLY RACKING MY MIND FOR SOME KEY THAT MIGHT HELP ME UNLOCK THE FEARSOME SECRETS OF CASTLE DUNBAR...
IF I'M EVER GOING TO SOLVE THIS JIGSAW PUZZLE, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO START WITH VALERIE'S GHOST!
AND SINCE THE GHOST DOESN'T SEEM VERY SOCIABLE, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO TAKE IT BY SURPRISE!
HOURS LATER, THE EERIE GHOST-BRIDE SLIPPED SILENTLY INTO MY ROOM AND PADDED QUIETLY ACROSS THE FLOOR...
A BEJEWELED DAGGER GLISTENED IN ITS HAND AS IT GLIDED STEALTHILY TOWARD MY BED AND RAISED ITS ARM FOR A DEADLY LUNGE...
LUCKY I DECIDED TO HIDE HERE, IN CASE IT CAME TO VISIT ME AGAIN--
--BUT WHY WOULD VALERIE'S GHOST WANT TO HURT ME?
SUDDENLY, AS IF TORTURED BY INDECISION, THE GHOST-BRIDE FALTERED, DROPPED THE DAGGER...
...AND, WITH A SOB OF UNCONTROLLABLE ANGUISH, FLED FROM THE ROOM, AS THE ABANDONED DEATH-KNIFE CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR...
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY DID SHE COME HERE? WHERE IS SHE GOING?
THE GHOST SLIPPED THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL AND GLIDED SWIFTLY DOWN THE GREAT STONE STAIRS. I FOLLOWED--ANXIOUS NOT TO LOSE MY QUARRY... CAREFUL NOT TO FOLLOW IT TOO CLOSELY...
THIS PASSAGEWAY WILL TAKE US TO THAT LARGE MEDIEVAL BANQUET HALL! BUT-- WHY WOULD THE GHOST GO THERE?
25

SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY THE GHOST-BRIDE DESCENDED THE STAIRCASE AND STEPPED THROUGH ANOTHER SECRET PANEL INTO THE LARGE BANQUET HALL-- THE SAME ONE IN WHICH I HAD SEEN HER ONCE BEFORE, DURING MY FIRST HORRIFYING NIGHT AT CASTLE DUNBAR. WITHOUT A PAUSE, SHE GLIDED TOWARD THE MASSIVE FIREPLACE AT THE END OF THE ROOM...
WHAT IS SHE GOING TO DO?


AND THEN, SOMEHOW...
SHE VANISHED!
IS THERE ANOTHER SECRET PANEL SOMEWHERE-- MAYBE INSIDE THE FIREPLACE?


I KNELT DOWN AND SLOWLY RAN THE TIPS OF MY FINGERS ALONG THE SMOOTH MASONRY AT THE BACK OF THE HEARTH.
THERE'S ANOTHER SECRET SPRING HERE! THIS HEARTH OPENS INTO ANOTHER SECRET PASSAGEWAY!

BRRR-- IT'S COLD DOWN HERE-- AND DAMP! BUT THE GHOST-BRIDE IS IN HERE SOMEWHERE, AND I'VE GOT TO FIND HER!

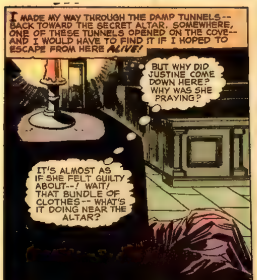

THESE WERE THE SMUGGLERS' CAVES -- A LABYRINTH OF NATURAL TUNNELS CONNECTING THE CASTLE WITH THE OPEN SEA. SUDDENLY, I SAW HER, KNEELING BEFORE A SECRET ALTAR THAT HAD PROBABLY BEEN BUILT BY THE DUNBAR CLAN FOR CLANDESTINE SERVICES DURING THE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTIONS...
THE GHOST-BRIDE! SHE'S PRAYING-- BUT WHY?

THE PRAYER ENDED, THE GHOST-BRIDE, HER EYES BRIMMING WITH TEARS, RUSHED PAST ME DOWN THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY TOWARD THE BACK OF THE HEARTH. SHE HAD LIFTED HER VEIL, AND I RECOGNIZED...
JUSTINE!?!

She moved swiftly and before long she had reached the hearth and clamberED through it into the banquet hall...
I'd better give her a few minutes' head start before I go through this fireplace.

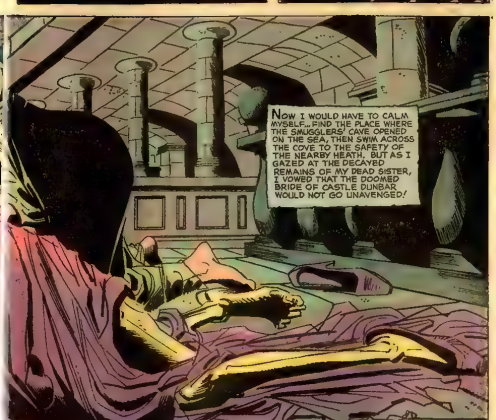
As I watched, Justine disappeared through the entranceway and the stone doorway slammed shut with a final, ponderous...
THUD
I'll give her one more minute to get out of the banquet hall--

Frantically I ran my fingers along the wet stone walls, searching for the hidden spring that would swing aside the great stone slab, but...
I--I can't find it!
N-what if I'm trapped down here!


I made my way through the damp tunnels -- back toward the secret altar, somewhere, one of these tunnels opened on the cove-- and I would have to find it if I hoped to escape from here alive!
But why did Justine come down here? Why was she praying?
It's almost as if she felt guilty about--? Wait! That bundle of clothes -- what's it doing near the altar?

Then I saw it -- the familiar dark hair, still clinging to the decaying flesh atop the rotted skull. I knew that dark hair--knew it as well as I knew my own! Oh my dear God-- it belonged to...
VALERIE!!

CHAPTER V
Now I gazed in speechless horror at the decayed remains which lay before me on the cavern floor. A sharpened dagger hovered in its icy breast, and a dank breeze, blowing inward from the nearby sea, spun the ornate skull-bone ring and mace it rattle crazily along the third finger of its skeletal left hand. In that agonizing instant, everything became horrifyingly clear-- Justine had lured Valerie to this dank and terrible place, plunged that dagger into her breast--all out of her twisted, unrequited love for poor Alec Dunbar!
27


Now I would have to calm myself--find the place where the smugglers' cave opened on the sea, then swim across the cove to the safety of the nearby heath. But as I gazed at the decayed remains of my dead sister, I vowed that the doomed bride of Castle Dunbar would not go unavenged!
CONTINUED ON THE PAGE FOLLOWING
29

Music should be free. Or as free as possible.

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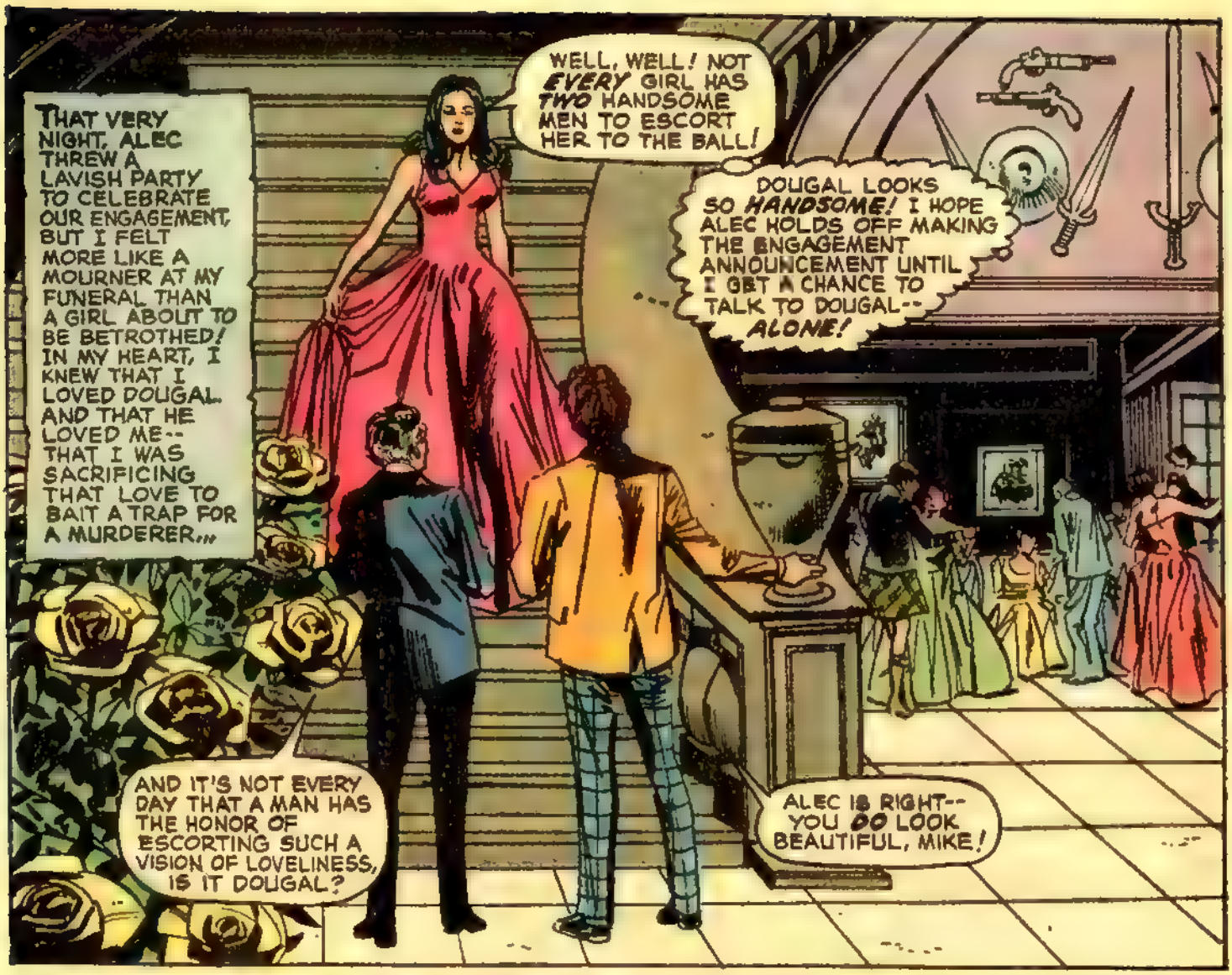
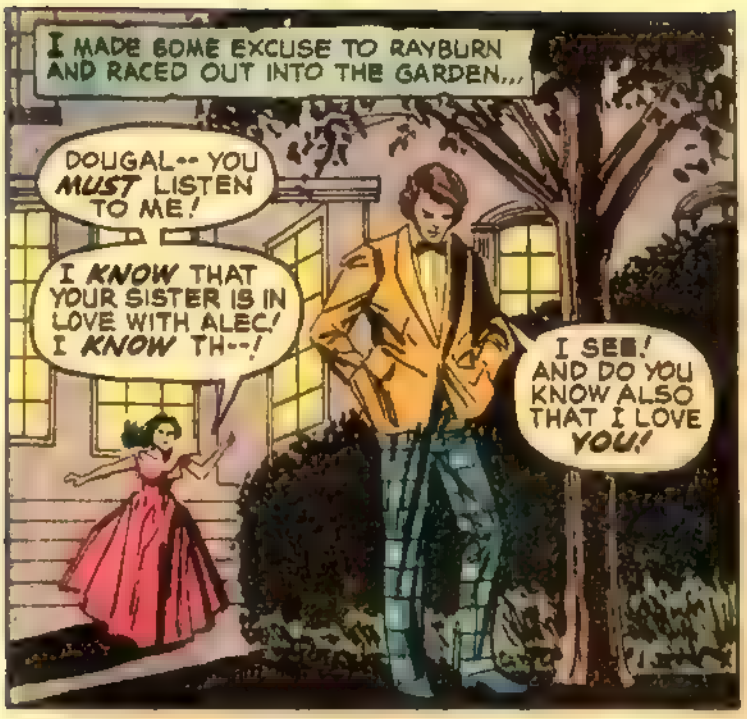
IT TOOK ME HOURS TO LOCATE THE TUNNEL PASSAGEWAY WHICH OPENED ON THE COVE--AND BY THE TIME I SWAM ACROSS THE OTHER SIDE, DAWN WAS ALREADY BREAKING...
LUCKY I DIDN'T NEED DOUGAL'S HELP THIS TIME AROUND--!
FOR ALL I KNOW, HE HELPED JUSTINE KILL MY SISTER!
AFTER A FEW MOMENTS' REST, I STRUGGLED UP THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF TO THE NEARBY HEATH, DRIVEN GRIMLY ONWARD BY A RELENTLESS DETERMINATION TO EXPOSE MY SISTER'S KILLER...
I'LL GET HER FOR WHAT SHE DID TO YOU, VALERIE--I SWEAR IT!
WHEN I REACHED THE CASTLE, I SLIPPED QUIETLY UP TO MY ROOM SO THAT NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT THAT I'D SPENT THE ENTIRE NIGHT IN THE SMUGGLERS' CAVES. I CHANGED INTO SOME FRESH CLOTHES AND RAN DOWNSTAIRS TO BREAKFAST, ARMED WITH A CAREFULLY CONCEIVED PLAN FOR EXPOSING MY SISTER'S KILLER...
G-GOOD MORNING, EVERYONE! I'M SORRY IF I'M LATE!
ALEC, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD ARRANGE TO TAKE A SHORT WALK WITH ME? I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS WITH YOU!
WHY OF COURSE, MY DEAR!
MY PLAN WAS COLD-BLOODED, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD THINK OF TO EXPOSE JUSTINE AS THE MURDERESS, AND I WAS WILLING TO PAY ANY PRICE TO SEE VALERIE AVENGED! AFTER BREAKFAST, ALEC AND I WALKED ONTO THE WIND-SWEPT HEATH...
A-ALEC, I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER--AND I WILL MARRY YOU! I WANT TO BE YOUR WIFE!
I NEVER DOUBTED THAT YOU WOULD SAY YES, MIKE--
--BUT ALL THE SAME, YOUR DECISION MAKES ME VERY HAPPY!
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY! I'VE GOT TO FORCE JUSTINE'S HAND BY MAKING HER THINK THAT SHE'S ABOUT TO LOSE ALEC AGAIN!
BUT IS IT RIGHT FOR ME TO HURT THIS MAN AGAIN, AFTER ALL HE'S SUFFERED?
I CAN'T REALLY MARRY ALEC--AND HE'LL BE CRUSHED WHEN HE LEARNS THAT I'VE ONLY BEEN USING HIS LOVE TO TRAP A KILLER!

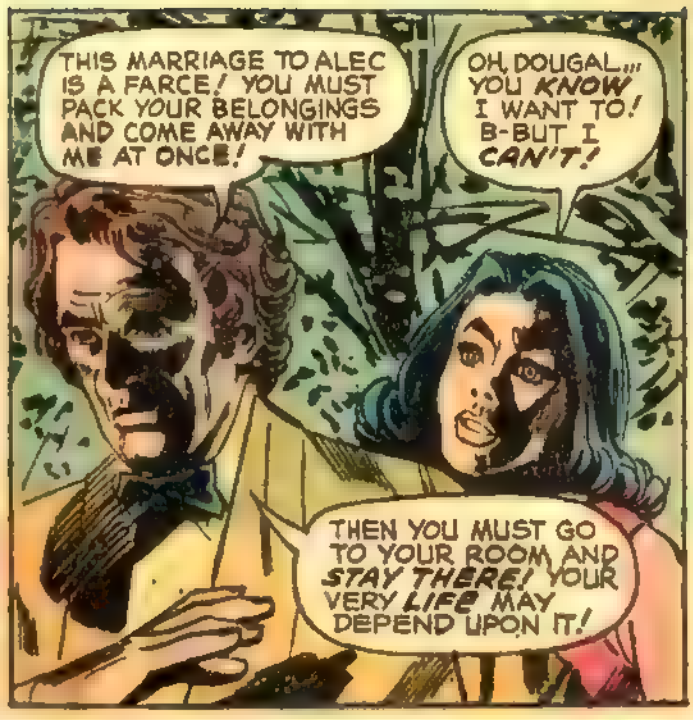

THAT VERY NIGHT, ALEC THREW A LAVISH PARTY TO CELEBRATE OUR ENGAGEMENT, BUT I FELT MORE LIKE A MOURNER AT MY FUNERAL THAN A GIRL ABOUT TO BE BETROTHED! IN MY HEART, I KNEW THAT I LOVED DOUGAL AND THAT HE LOVED ME-- THAT I WAS SACRIFICING THAT LOVE TO BAIT A TRAP FOR A MURDERER...
WELL, WELL! NOT EVERY GIRL HAS TWO HANDSOME MEN TO ESCORT HER TO THE BALL!
DOUGAL LOOKS SO HANDSOME! I HOPE ALEC HOLDS OFF MAKING THE ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT UNTIL I GET A CHANCE TO TALK TO DOUGAL-- ALONE!
AND IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THAT A MAN HAS THE HONOR OF ESCORTING SUCH A VISION OF LOVELINESS, IS IT DOUGAL?
ALEC IS RIGHT-- YOU DO LOOK BEAUTIFUL, MIKE!

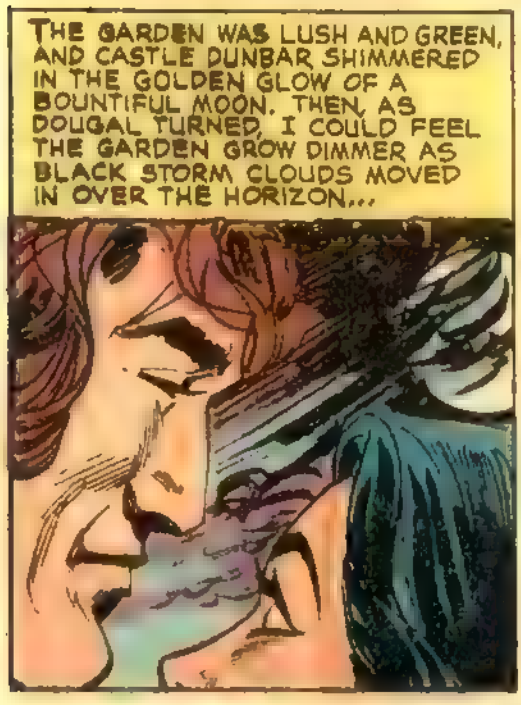
DOUGAL OFFERED ME HIS ARM FOR THE FIRST DANCE. THIS, I THOUGHT, WOULD BE MY CHANCE TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING...
DANCE, MIKE?
I'D LOVE TO, DOUGAL!
OH NO YE DON'T, LAD! THE FIRST DANCE ALWAYS GOES TO THE INTENDED BRIDE-GROOM!

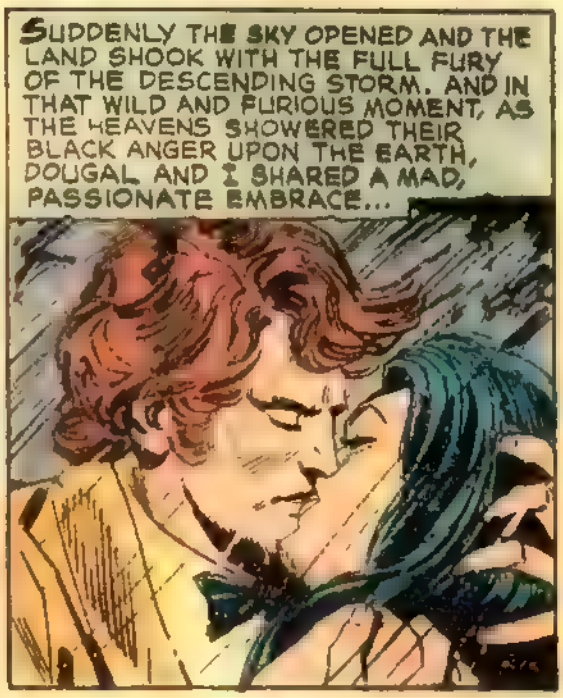
AS ALEC LED ME TOWARD THE DANCE FLOOR, I GLANCED OVER MY SHOULDER FOR A PARTING LOOK AT DOUGAL. HE WAS SCOWLING ANGRILY, AND, IN A DOORWAY NOT FAR AWAY, JUSTINE WAS SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY...
DOESN'T ALEC REALIZE HOW DESPERATELY JUSTINE LOVES HIM?

THE EVENING WORE ON AND ON, AS I MOVED UNCEASINGLY FROM ONE DANCING PARTNER TO ANOTHER...
YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY RAVISHING TONIGHT, MIKE!
WHY THANK YOU, RAYBURN!
THAT'S DOUGAL-- GOING OUT INTO THE GARDEN! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO TALK TO HIM ALONE!

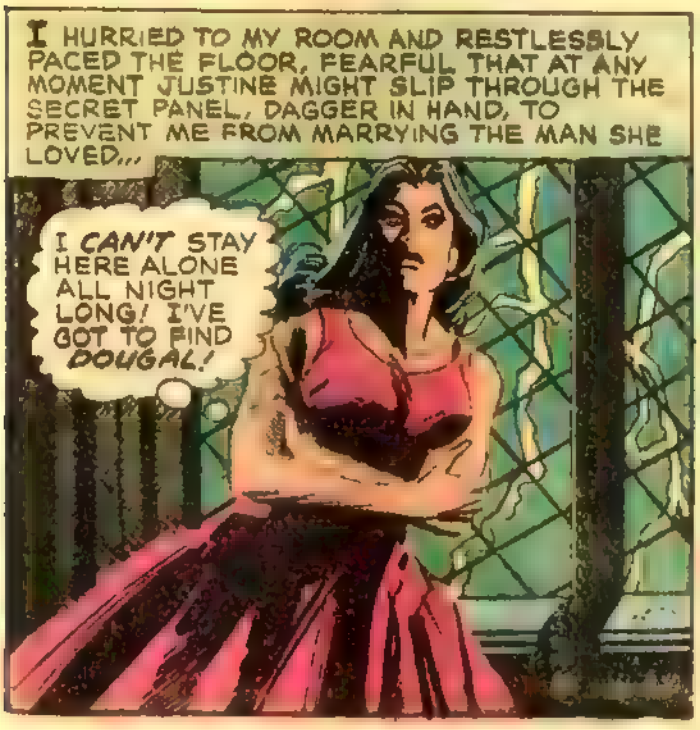

I MADE SOME EXCUSE TO RAYBURN AND RACED OUT INTO THE GARDEN...
DOUGAL-- YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME!
I KNOW THAT YOUR SISTER IS IN LOVE WITH ALEC! I KNOW TH--!
I SEE! AND DO YOU KNOW ALSO THAT I LOVE YOU!

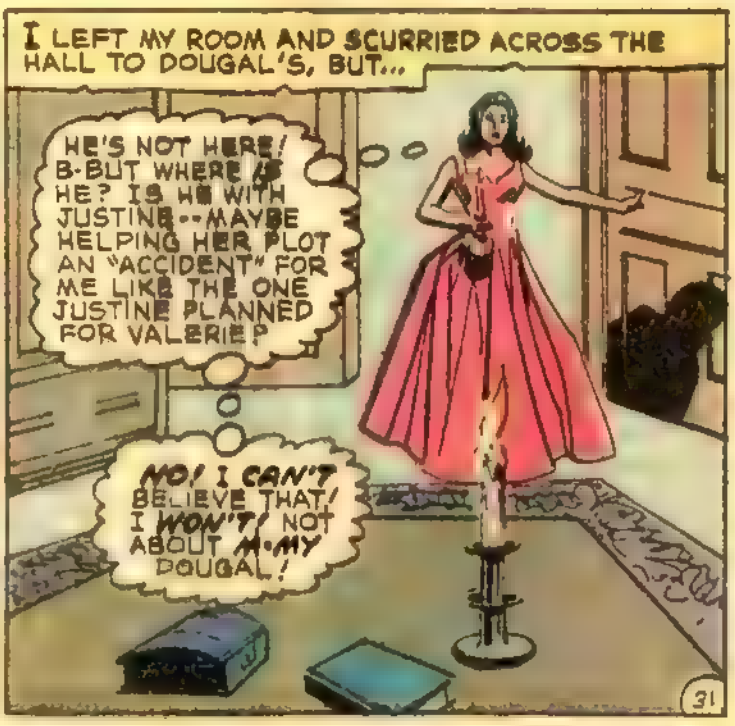

THIS MARRIAGE TO ALEC IS A FARCE! YOU MUST PACK YOUR BELONGINGS AND COME AWAY WITH ME AT ONCE!
OH, DOUGAL... YOU KNOW I WANT TO! B-BUT I CAN'T!
THEN YOU MUST GO TO YOUR ROOM AND STAY THERE! YOUR VERY LIFE MAY DEPEND UPON IT!


THE GARDEN WAS LUSH AND GREEN, AND CASTLE DUNBAR SHIMMERED IN THE GOLDEN GLOW OF A BOUNTIFUL MOON. THEN, AS DOUGAL TURNED, I COULD FEEL THE GARDEN GROW DIMMER AS BLACK STORM CLOUDS MOVED IN OVER THE HORIZON...


SUDDENLY THE SKY OPENED AND THE LAND SHOOK WITH THE FULL FURY OF THE DESCENDING STORM. AND IN THAT WILD AND FURIOUS MOMENT, AS THE HEAVENS SHOWERED THEIR BLACK ANGER UPON THE EARTH, DOUGAL AND I SHARED A MAD, PASSIONATE EMBRACE...

...COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE FIERY, HATE-FILLED EYES THAT TRANSFIXED US FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE NEARBY SHADOWS.


I HURRIED TO MY ROOM AND RESTLESSLY PACED THE FLOOR, FEARFUL THAT AT ANY MOMENT JUSTINE MIGHT SLIP THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL, DAGGER IN HAND, TO PREVENT ME FROM MARRYING THE MAN SHE LOVED...
I CAN'T STAY HERE ALONE ALL NIGHT LONG! I'VE GOT TO FIND DOUGAL!


I LEFT MY ROOM AND SCURRIED ACROSS THE HALL TO DOUGAL'S, BUT...
HE'S NOT HERE! B-BUT WHERE IS HE? IS HE WITH JUSTINE--MAYBE HELPING HER PLOT AN "ACCIDENT" FOR ME LIKE THE ONE JUSTINE PLANNED FOR VALERIE?
NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT! I WON'T! NOT ABOUT M-MY DOUGAL!

ONCE AGAIN, I RUSHED OUT INTO THE HALL-- DETERMINED TO FIND DOUGAL,,, DETERMINED TO SOLVE, ONCE AND FOR ALL, THE FEARSOME MYSTERY THAT HELD CASTLE DUNBAR IN ITS ICY GRIP,,,
THERE'S A FAINT GLOW COMING FROM THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR--
--SOMEONE'S LIT THE TORCHES IN THE BANQUET HALL!
THERE HE IS! I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING IN HERE?
DOUGAL, DARLING! I'M SO GLAD I'VE FOUND YOU!
THEN HE TURNED-- AND MY HEART FROZE,,,
AND I'M GLAD I'VE FOUND YOU, MY DEAR!
IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT A MAN FINDS A FIANCÉE WHO WILL TREAT HIS RELATIVES SO WARMLY!
I TRIED DESPERATELY TO STAMMER AN EXPLANATION, BUT ALEC WAS IN NO MOOD TO LISTEN! HIS FACE WAS LIVID WITH RAGE AS HE SEIZED MY WRIST AND,,,
YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN OUR ENGAGEMENT?! IT WOULD HARDLY BE OFFICIAL WITHOUT THE DUNBAR FAMILY RING, WOULD IT?
I RECOILED IN WIDE-EYED HORROR AS I STARED AT THE ORNATE WEDDING BAND THAT STARED BACK AT ME FROM THE THIRD FINGER OF MY TREMBLING HAND. IT WAS THE SAME RING THAT...
YOU GOT THIS RING FROM THE SKELETON IN THE CAVE-- VALERIE'S SKELETON! YOU KILLED HER!
YES-- I KILLED HER! IT WAS MY DUTY AS LAIRD TO PUNISH VALERIE'S FLIRTATIONS,,, WITH DEATH!
--AS I SHALL PUNISH YOUR INDISCRETIONS WITH DOUGAL! AND DON'T BOTHER TO CRY OUT FOR HIM! BY NOW, WITH THE AID OF A SUBTLE HINT OR TWO FROM ME, HE WILL HAVE DISCOVERED VALERIE'S BODY IN THE SMUGGLERS' CAVES. THE DOOR WILL LOCK BEHIND HIM, AND BY THE TIME HE SWIMS ACROSS THE COVE TO THE CASTLE, OUR ENGAGEMENT WILL HAVE REACHED ITS TRAGIC CLIMAX!

HIS POWERFUL HANDS CLOSED ABOUT MY THROAT AND MY LUNGS GASPED AS THEIR PRECIOUS SUPPLY OF AIR EBBED SLOWLY AWAY. THEN SUDDENLY, THE DEATH-GRIP LOOSENED...

NO! IT CAN'T BE! I-IT CAN'T!

...AS THE EERIE GHOST-BRIDE OF CASTLE DUNBAR GLIDED SILENTLY THROUGH THE BANQUET HALL, CHILLING ALEC DUNBAR'S SOUL WITH A SINGLE SPECTRAL COMMAND...

RELEASE HER, ALEC DUNBAR!

THOU MAY NOT KILL AGAIN!

IT'S *JUSTINE!* SHE'S GIVING ME A CHANCE TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

I TWISTED FREE OF ALEC'S GRASP AND STUMBLED OUT ONTO THE STORM-LASHED HEATH. THE WIND AND RAIN TORE AT MY BODY, AND I FLED ACROSS THE DARKENED MOOR AS THOUGH THE HOUNDS OF HELL WERE AFTER ME...

AND THEY *WERE* AFTER ME. A JAGGED LIGHTNING BOLT TORE ACROSS THE MIDNIGHT SKY, GUIDING ME TOWARD THE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT WATCH-TOWER AND ILLUMINATING THE BLOOD-CRAZED FIGURE OF ALEC DUNBAR PURSUING ME GRIMLY ACROSS THE RAIN-SWEPT MOOR...

IF ONLY *DOUGAL* CAN ESCAPE FROM THE SMUGGLERS' CAVES IN TIME TO HELP ME--!

I RAN INTO THE WATCHTOWER AND CLAMBERED UP THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE...

PREPARE TO DIE, YOU STINKING WENCH!

MUST BE A ROOM OR PASSAGEWAY I CAN HIDE IN...

ONLY TO FIND MYSELF HOPELESSLY TRAPPED ON THE WATCHTOWER ROOF...

NOWHERE TO HIDE-- IS THIS... THE *END?*

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

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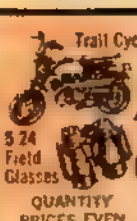

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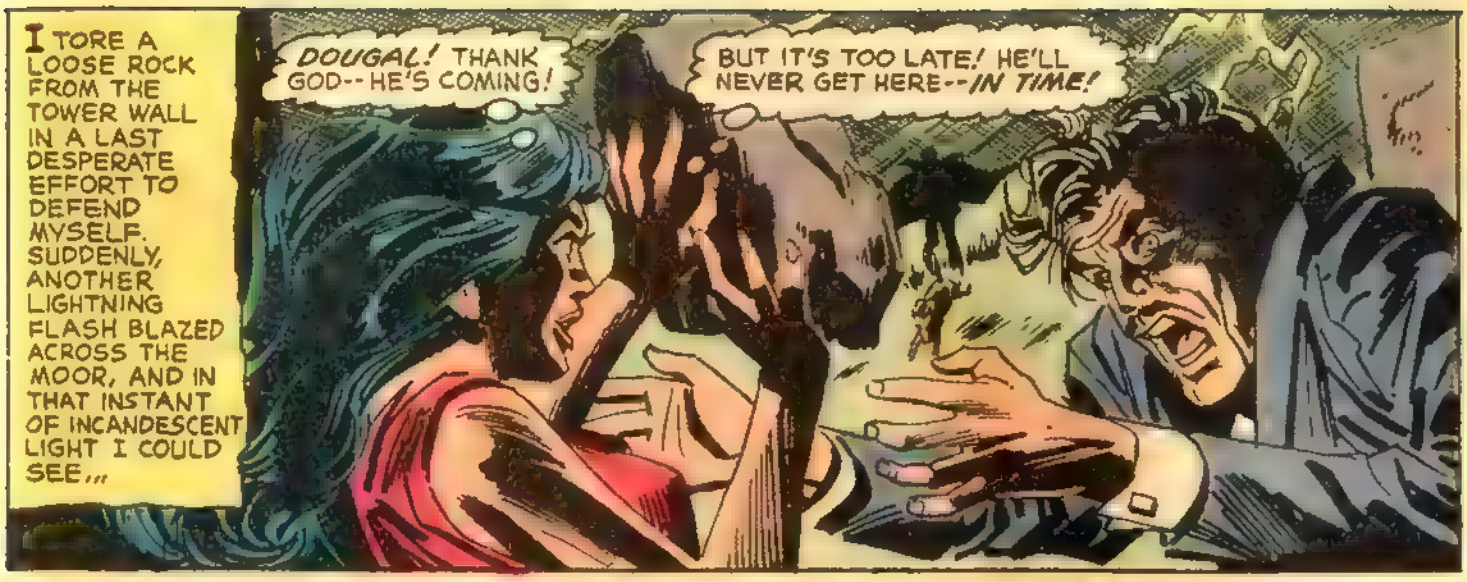

I TORE A LOOSE ROCK FROM THE TOWER WALL IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT TO DEFEND MYSELF. SUDDENLY, ANOTHER LIGHTNING FLASH BLAZED ACROSS THE MOOR, AND IN THAT INSTANT OF INCANDESCENT LIGHT I COULD SEE...
DOUGAL! THANK GOD--HE'S COMING!
BUT IT'S TOO LATE! HE'LL NEVER GET HERE--IN TIME!

ALEC DASHED THE STONE FROM MY HANDS AND SEIZED MY THROAT IN A BRUTAL DEATH-GRIP! AN EERIE BLACKNESS WAFTED OVER ME, AND I COULD FEEL MY LIFE BEING WASHED AWAY IN THE VOLCANIC ROAR OF A FOAM-DRENCHED TIDE...
...AND THEN IT STRUCK, A SNARLING STREAK OF WHITE LIGHTNING THAT BOUNDED UP THE TOWER STEPS AND SENT ALEC SPRAWLING BENEATH ITS 100 POUNDS OF VICIOUS BONE AND GROWLING MUSCLE...

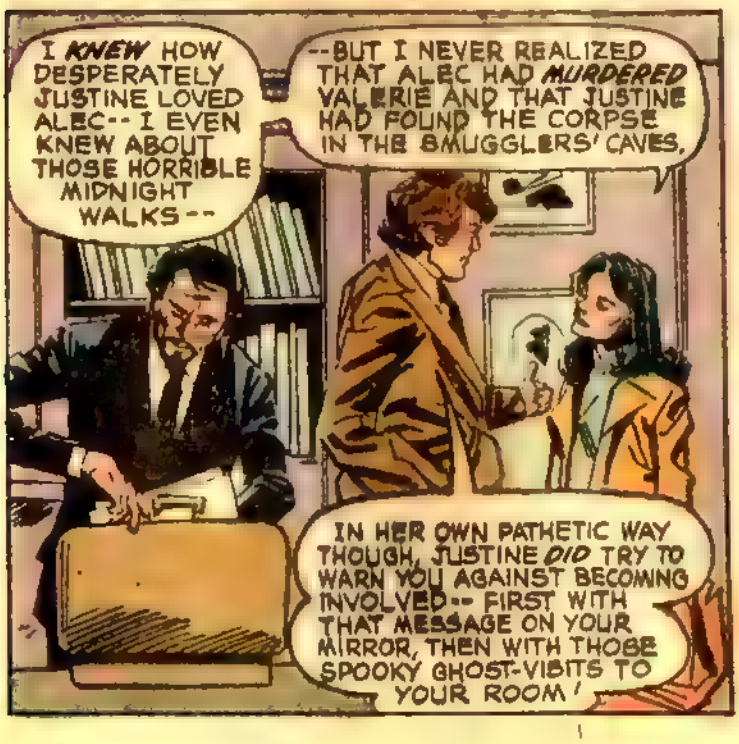
AS I WATCHED IN HELPLESS HORROR, MAN AND BEAST BATTLED FOR SUPREMACY ON THAT ANCIENT ROOF...
GROWWLL

...AND THEN PLUNGED TO THEIR DOOM ON THE HEATH BELOW...
EEEAHHH

WITHIN SECONDS, DOUGAL REACHED THE TOWER AND RACED UP THE STEPS TO THE ROOF-- BUT BY THEN IT WAS ALL OVER...
I PRAY TO GOD I HAVEN'T ARRIVED TOO LATE--!

BUT I HAD ONLY FAINTED-- AND WHEN HE LIFTED ME IN HIS POWERFUL ARMS AND CARRIED ME DOWN THE STEPS TO THE HEATH, I BEGAN TO FEEL FREE AT LAST FROM THE AWESOME SADNESS THAT HAD HAUNTED ME LIKE A SPECTRE SINCE MY SISTER'S DEATH...
'TWAS A BRAVE AND GOOD THING YOU DID, DEVIL! I WON'T FORGET YOU FOR IT-- EVER!

THE NEXT MORNING WAS BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL, AND I QUICKLY PACKED MY BAGS IN PREPARATION FOR THE RETURN TRIP TO AMERICA! WITH ALEC DEAD, DOUGAL WAS NOW LAIRD OF DUNBAR CASTLE, AND I SOON FOUND HIM IN THE LIBRARY, PORING OVER SOME LEGAL DETAILS WITH THE LAWYER RAYBURN...
MIKE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER! IT WAS DREADFUL... ABOUT ALEC!
FOR A LONG TIME, I HAD SUSPECTED THAT SOME DARK MADNESS HAD TAKEN HOLD OF ALEC! IN FACT, HE BECAME SO INSANELY JEALOUS OF VALERIE, THAT I EVEN OFFERED TO TAKE HER AWAY FROM HERE FOR HER OWN PROTECTION!
THEN HE'S VALERIE'S "SIR GALAHAD"!


I KNEW HOW DESPERATELY JUSTINE LOVED ALEC-- I EVEN KNEW ABOUT THOSE HORRIBLE MIDNIGHT WALKS--
--BUT I NEVER REALIZED THAT ALEC HAD MURDERED VALERIE AND THAT JUSTINE HAD FOUND THE CORPSE IN THE SMUGGLERS' CAVES.
IN HER OWN PATHETIC WAY THOUGH, JUSTINE DID TRY TO WARN YOU AGAINST BECOMING INVOLVED-- FIRST WITH THAT MESSAGE ON YOUR MIRROR, THEN WITH THOSE SPOOKY GHOST-VISITS TO YOUR ROOM!

RAYBURN IS LEAVING FOR LONDON NOW, MIKE! AND HE'S TAKING JUSTINE WITH HIM!
IN A NEW ENVIRONMENT, IN NEW SURROUNDINGS, SHE'LL BE ABLE TO FORGET HER HOPELESS LOVE FOR ALEC AND BEGIN A NEW LIFE OF HER OWN!
D-DOUGAL-- THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU!
35

M-MY NAME ISN'T MIKE HOLLIS, I'M NOT A WRITER, AND I DIDN'T COME TO CASTLE DUNBAR TO WRITE A MILITARY HISTORY!
MY REAL NAME IS VIRGINIA HOLSTEIN-- I-I'M VALERIE'S SISTER-- AND I CAME HERE BECAUSE VALERIE'S LETTERS HAD STOPPED COMING, AND I-I WAS AFRAID THAT SOMETHING AWFUL HAD HAPPENED TO HER!
NOW THAT I-I'VE FINISHED WHAT I CAME FOR, I-I GUESS I'M GOING...
GOING HOME, ARE YE, LASSIE? AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU ARE HOME! AND NOW YOU'D BETTER GET UPSTAIRS AND UNPACK YOUR PRETTIEST DRESS--
--BECAUSE TOMORROW I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU MY WIFE? AND IF YOU TRY TO REFUSE ME...
I'LL LOCK YE IN THE CASTLE DUNGEON UNTIL YE AGREE!
HOW COULD I REFUSE? AFTER ALL, WHAT GIRL WOULD CHOOSE TO BE IMPRISONED IN A MOLDY CASTLE DUNGEON, WHEN SHE COULD BE LOCKED FOREVER IN HER LOVER'S ARMS!
the END

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE ON OR ABOUT JUNE 13TH

DIRECT CURRENTS

10

"Bruce Wayne—Rest in Peace!" That's the shocking way the lead story in the **June BATMAN** opens . . . but the **Masked Manhunter** himself is off on a new adventure—one more perilous than any in his previous career! Why has he done away with his other identity? Find out in issue **#242!** There's also a new **Robin** tale, "Death-Point"—plus a Golden Age classic which tells of an important milestone in **The Batman's** life: "The People Vs. The Batman!" It's on sale **April 18!**

Here comes "The Bug!" **And** if you think you've seen some big—and weird—insects, read the **July NEW GODS (#9).** You'll get a look at the most unearthly colony of buglike beings ever! There's the return of a favorite villain this issue, too—plus new acquaintances and new dangers for **Orion** and **Lightray!** Oh, yes—another **Kirby Classic** is there, too—**Manhunter** taking on a vicious killer in "The Lady and the Tiger!" On sale **April 18.**

LIGHTRAY! I-I RETRACT MY FORMER NOTIONS! I-IM REALLY FRIGHTENED!! WHO IS ORION? JUST WHAT HAVE I BEEN TOYING WITH!?
THAT WHICH SEEMED TO FASCINATE YOU, LADY---! THE PRESENCE OF PURE AND TOTAL DESTRUCTION!

Want to see "A Hard Act to Follow"? It's put on by an actor turned thief—when he gains the secret of super-powers, including invisibility! Naturally, **JIMMY OLSEN** and his pal, **Superman,** don't take kindly to this sort of thing. But how do you arrest a crook you can't see? Especially when he has super-strength! **The Newsboy Legion** is back, too—searching for the chaotic creation of the **Evil Factory, Angry Charlie!** All this and **Plastic Man,** too—in the **June** issue **(#150),** on sale **April 18!**

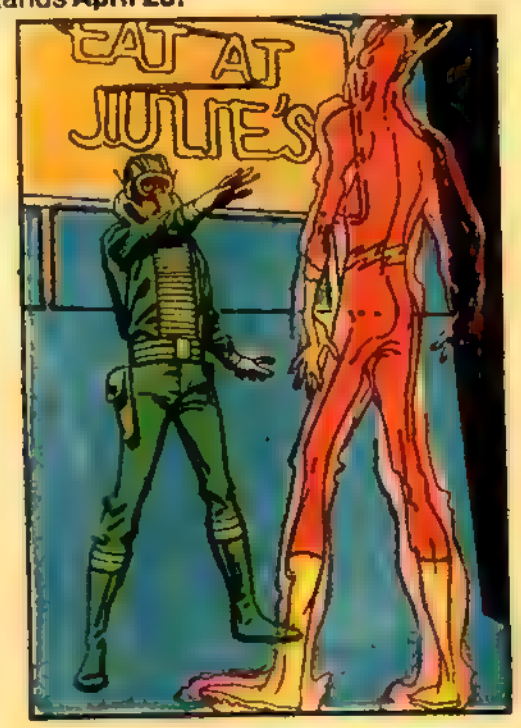
It looked like the **100** was finished in the last **LOIS LANE** issue, but don't take it for granted! **Lois** and **Superman** take on a part of the organization they never knew existed—one dedicated to bringing crime into outer space! You'll see **Lois** making like an astronaut (or an astronette?). There's also a different kind of **Rose and the Thorn** tale, not only illoed, but also **written** by Rich Buckler! Then, to wind up the **June** issue **(#123),** there's a classic **Catwoman** story! On sale **April 20.**

I've just been to the **HOUSE OF MYSTERY,** where **Cain the Caretaker** showed me some of the fearfare he has planned for you in his **June** issue **(#203).** For starters, there's "The 1,000 Eyes of Death," written by Robert Kanigher and illustrated by Ernie Chua. Then there's "Almost Human," a John Albano-Jack Sparling job. Nestor Redondo's art on "The Tower of Prey" plus a tale called "The Golden Doom", serves to top off this issue, on sale **April 20!**

Remember **J'Onn J'Onzz, the Martian Manhunter?** He returns in the **June WORLD'S FINEST (#212),** which tells how his quest for his people fared after they had left **Mars!** Of course, **Superman** is on hand to help . . . as much as he can on a world where he has no super-powers! Yet it will take some super-doings to rescue the **Martians** from enslavement by an evil warrior-race! Also in this issue: Golden Age tales of **The Grim Ghost** and **Air Wave!** On sale **April 20.**

When I asked Editor Murray Boltinoff what he had planned for the **June UNEXPECTED (#136),** I never **expected** so much! For instance, there's Lee Elias, back with DC and better than ever on "An Incident of Violence!" (Lee was a top artist from the Golden Age on!) Other stories include "Don't Let Me Die," "Curse of the Kung Lo Diamond," "Die a Deep Death," "The Exile from Earth" and "Please Kill Me Once More!" Those titles alone should make you want to buy this one on **April 25!**

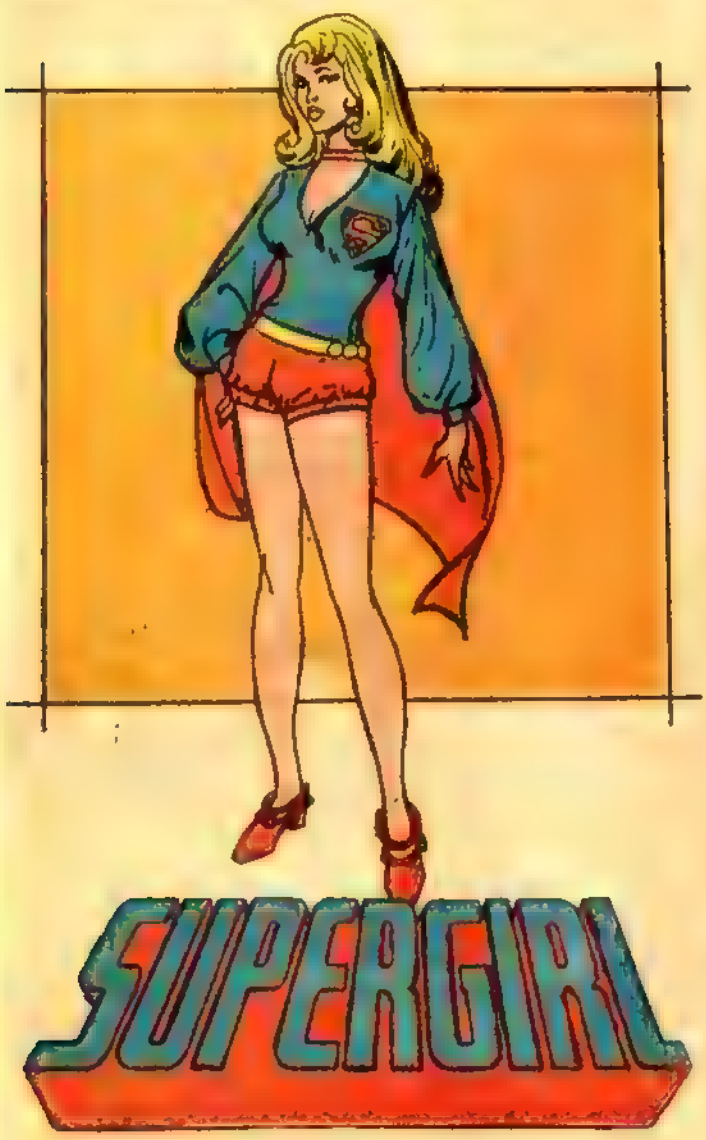
How can an honest, law-abiding citizen suddenly turn into a criminal—and vice-versa? That's the puzzle surrounding **THE FLASH's** old enemy, **Mr. Element**—and the answer is found in a tale titled "The Curse of the Dragon's Eye!" **Kid Flash** is on hand in a new and unusual story with the intriguing title "2-D?" And to make it a three-star **Flash** issue, the **Golden Age Flash** is on hand in an adventure called "Anything Can Happen!" It's the **June** issue **(#216),** on the stands **April 25!**



DIRECT CURRENTS

Inside a prison, at the mercy of criminals, **SUPERBOY** winds up in "An Iron Cage for a Hero!" That's the lead story in the **June** issue **(#187)**—but it's not all! There's a tale that brings "The Return of Superbaby's Pal"—Gary, the little witch-boy! Is that enough? No? Then how about a **Dial "H" for Hero** adventure of **Robby Reed?** If you don't know about **Robby**, who never knows what hero he'll be next, meet him in "The Monster-Maker of Littleville!" On sale **April 25.**

Here comes the historic moment you've waited for—the meeting between **TARZAN OF THE APES** and lovely **Jane Porter!** It's called "A Mate for the Ape-Man!" In it you'll learn how the **Jungle Lord** first comes into contact with civilized men—as adapted from Edgar Rice Burroughs' **Tarzan of the Apes** by Editor-Artist Joe Kubert. There's a text story from the early **Tarzan** Sunday pages, illoed by the great Hal Foster! And, of course, **John Carter of Mars!** It's **#209 (June)**, on sale **April 27!**



The Batman proves once again why he's called **the World's Greatest DETECTIVE**, in the **June** issue **(#424)**, when he tackles a baffling case of "Double-Cross-Fire!" In the same issue is "Batgirl's Last Case!" What? The **Dominoed Dare-Doll** singing her swan song? Maybe—maybe not! There's a **Sierra Smith** mystery—"The Case of the Teetering Tower!" Finally, a **Detective Classic**—"The Cop Who Shot 1,000 Crooks"—with a camera, we might add! It's on sale **April 27.**

Can magic destroy the mighty **Man of Steel?** Read the **June ACTION (#413)** and witness "The Voodoo Doom of Superman!" Then, having read that terrific tid-bit, turn to the new **Metamorpho** tale—"The Seven Sins of Simon Stagg!" This new series on the **Element Man** is being acclaimed by all who've seen it! And there's a classic tale of **Eclipso**, the man who is both hero and villain! It's called "The Man Who Destroyed Eclipso!" On sale **April 27.**

Supergirl comes up against a strange group of wizards in a tale of alien evil called "And Death Shall Have No Dominion," in the **June ADVENTURE (#420).** There's also a classic adventure in which the **Maid of Might** tackles a "Monster from Krypton"—not knowing it's really a transformed **Superman!** Then you can join a "Rodeo" with **The Vigilante;** but watch out for a guy with a rifle, determined that the show will not go on! There's a **Zatanna** adventure, too! On sale **April 27.**

CHARLES ATLAS, World's No. 1 Body Builder, says:

Don't Be Half A Man!

Let ME SHOW How I Can Make You a Real HE-MAN From Head to Toe — in Just 15 Minutes a Day! Take a good honest look at yourself! Are you proud of your body — or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be? No matter how ashamed you are of your present physical condition — or how old or young you are — the "sleeping" muscles already present in your body can turn you into a real HE-MAN! Believe me, I know — because I was once a skinny, scrawny 97-pound half-alive weakling! People used to laugh at my build and make fun of me. I was ashamed to strip for sports or the beach . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of healthy competition.

WIN THIS VALUABLE TROPHY
Be the envy of your friends!

HOW I CHANGED FROM A "MOUSE" TO A MAN!

One day, I discovered a secret that changed me from a timid, frightened scarecrow into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" — a "magic formula" that can help turn *you*, too, into a marvellous physical specimen . . . a real HE-MAN from head to toe . . . a man who STANDS OUT in any crowd! What's my secret? "DYNAMIC-TENSION" — the natural method! No theory. No gadgets or contraptions. You just do as I did. Simply take the "sleeping" muscles already present inside your own body — build them up — use them every day in walking, bending over, reaching, even sitting! Almost before you know it, you're covered with a brand-new suit of beautiful, rock-hard SOLID MUSCLE!

MY SECRET BUILDS MUSCLES FAST!

Just 15 minutes each day in the privacy of your room is all it takes to make your chest and shoulder muscles swell so big they almost split your coat seams . . . turn your fists into sledge-hammers . . . build mighty legs that never tire! Mail coupon today for my famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can give *you* a Body by Atlas. Charles Atlas, Dept. 816 115 E. 23 St., New York, N. Y. 10010.

5 FREE GIFTS
If you act now, in addition to my complete course, you will also get these five valuable outline courses.

DO YOU WANT...

A DEEP CHEST? I can add SOLID INCHES of powerful muscle to your chest — make you look and feel like a dynamo.
BIG ARM MUSCLES? You'll see and feel your arm muscles BULGE out with super power and energy.
TIRELESS LEGS? I make your legs strong and powerful with the tireless drive of a real distance runner.
MAGNETIC PERSONALITY? "Dynamic-Tension" makes you alive with vitality — the kind that men respect and women admire.
BROAD SHOULDERS? "Dynamic-Tension" will broaden your shoulders. You'll see and feel it in 7 DAYS!
MORE WEIGHT? You'll put on pounds in the right places. "Dynamic-Tension" rebuilds you inside and out.

...THEN MAIL THIS *NOW!*

HERE'S THE KIND OF BODY I WANT
- ☐ MORE MUSCLE —BIGGER CHEST
- ☐ BIG ARM MUSCLES
- ☐ BROAD BACK & SHOULDERS
- ☐ TIRELESS LEGS
- ☐ MORE WEIGHT
- ☐ MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. 816 115 E. 23 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

I enclose 10¢. Show me how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. Send your famous 32-page book, full of pictures, valuable advice. No obligation.

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City & State.....Zip Code.....

In England send to Charles Atlas, 21 Poland St., London W. 1

My 32-page illustrated book, Charles Atlas, 115 East 23 St., N. Y. 10010.

CHARLES ATLAS ON TV

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF 'MAC'

HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE — ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
THERE'S THAT BIG STIFF AGAIN, SHOWING OFF IN FRONT OF GRACE AND THE CROWD. WELL IT'S MY TURN THIS TIME!
WAAAH! - NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!
OH, MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

1000 "DAY-GLO" DECALS

ALL YOUR FAVORITES...PRINTED IN "NOW" DESIGNS, THAT REALLY SAY IT!!

This is truly a "once-in-a-lifetime" offer. You get 10 different designs of 100 Stickers (1000 in all) including: "LOVE," "SMILE," "PEACE," "ECOLOGY," "ZODIAC," "BUTTERFLIES," "DAISIES," AND MORE...ALL FOR ONLY $1.00—They're on gum paper, ready-to-stick on anywhere...books, letters, anywhere! Produced in vibrant "DAY-GLO" colors (wild under black-light)—all are about a square inch big!! This is truly the greatest decal offer ever made. Hurry...Order Now...Don't Delay.

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Gentlemen:
I want to take advantage of this "Once-in-a-lifetime" decal offer. Rush me my collection of 1000 "Day-Glo" Decals of 10 different "NOW" designs! I understand that if I'm not thrilled I may return the set for a full refund. Please find enclosed $.... .....($1.35 per set—$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage and handling).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ **EXTRA SAVING SPECIAL**—Order 2 sets for only $2.25 (includes all postage). Makes great gifts—all year 'round.

DIG THESE!

Four new SNAP TITE®
drag construction models you build without glue, without paint and without help.

Extreme Shovel™
Cab pivots, shovel scoops, arms move. Tears through the traps in record time.

Boss Bulldozer™
Blade raises, lowers. World's only competition bulldozer.

Mountain Mover™
Truck bed raises, lowers. Toughest machine on 10 wheels!

Screamin' Skipshovel™
Shovel blade raises, lowers. Plenty of power, tons of traction.

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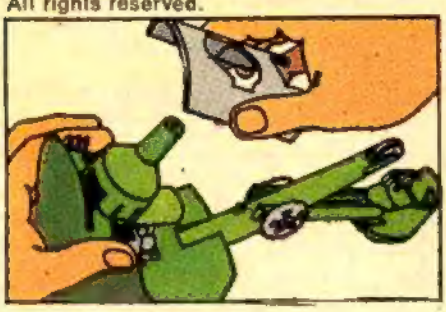

It's easy to build these SNAP TITE® drag models. The pieces snap tightly together without glue or paint. Start building your own fleet of the world's fastest, freakiest construction vehicles.

Monogram® quality hobby kits

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If they were any more real, you'd need a hard hat.

FLATTERMANN